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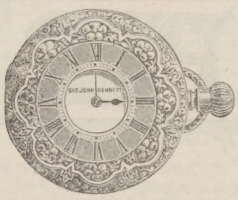

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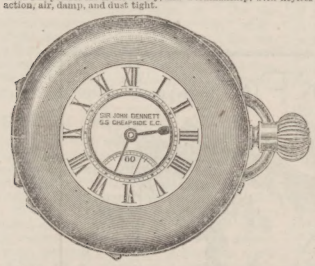

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All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

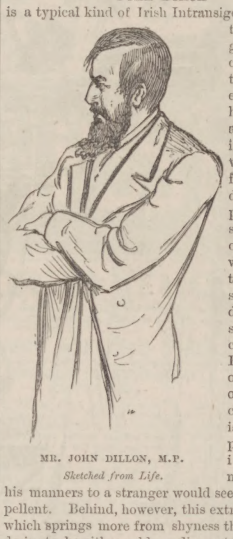
The Arrest of John Dillon and William O'Brien

has been the political sensation of the week. It was entirely unexpected. In fact, the general impression was that we were about to witness a considerable amelioration in many features of Ministerial policy in Ireland. It was understood that a sort of informal commission of Ministers had been dispatched to the distressed districts in the west, with a view to getting together a report for Mr. Balfour's benefit, on which large schemes of legislation were to be based. A rumour, indeed, had reached my ears through a very well-informed source that the Government programme for the ensuing Session was to be of a very comprehensive character, consisting, first, of the Land Purchase Bill; secondly, of a Local Government Bill; and, thirdly, of a scheme for the poverty-stricken districts of the West. Why, with this programme in view, Mr. Balfour should have gone back on the discredited policy of arrest and imprisonment, one is at a loss to understand. The probable solution is that the Ministry thought that the revolt of a portion of the Tipperary clergy against the extreme lengths to which boycotting had been carried would supply them with leverage for a fresh attempt to uproot the power of the League. Of course any man who knew anything about Ireland could have told Mr. Balfour that precisely the opposite must have resulted. Instead of widening the split in the League, the arrests have closed it as if by magic. The discontented minority among the laity and clergy are now silent, or openly sympathetic with the men concerning whose leadership they were beginning to be doubtful. I wonder why it has taken English politicians—Liberal and Tory alike—so long to arrive at this elementary conclusion.

The men who have been arrested, and who, in the natural course of things, will now become the chief popular heroes of the hour, are of very different types.

John Dillon

is a typical kind of Irish Intransigeant. Something of the gloom of his country's history has entered into his character and soul. He is not in any way a cheerful man, nor does he possess much social charm or such a variety of intellectual and social gifts as distinguish some of his colleagues. His one care, one thought, one topic of conversation is Ireland. In private life he is a trifle moody, and his manners to a stranger would seem almost repellent. Behind, however, this extreme reserve, which springs more from shyness than from any desire to be either cold or discourteous, there is hidden an affectionate though proud nature. Mr. Dillon has few intimate friends among his own party, but those whom he knows best, such as Dr. Kenny, are fondest of him. He is an Irish gentleman of considerable property, and his house in Dublin, situated in one of the best parts of the city, is a particularly fine and imposing edifice, both in exterior and in interior. Its owner, however, seems to prefer a very modest little villa by the sea, at Ballybrack, which is permanently tenanted by two aged relatives, who, curiously enough, are not entirely in sympathy with his political opinions. I believe that Mr. Dillon is practically



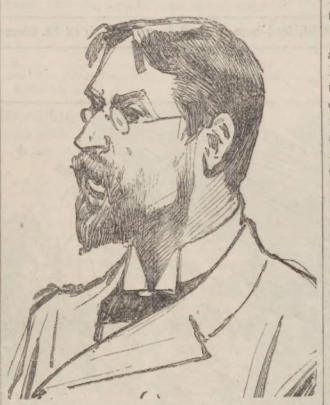
MR. JOHN DILLON, M.P.
Sketched from Life.

The "John Talbot"

of Mabel Robinson's very clever novel "The Plan of Campaign," though, physically, he is a good deal handsomer than the original, his finely shaped and tinted face, lighted up by the large, still, melancholy eyes, being one of the most remarkable in the House of Commons.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien,

Mr. Dillon's friend and companion-in-arms, is cast in a very different moral and intellectual mould. He is as genial, perfervid, and emotional in private life as John Dillon is staid and reserved. In company he is never still, talking eagerly, boisterously, and with an extraordinary flow of spirits, which make the listener wonder how such a vehement spirit can be housed in so frail a body. That a character of this type has the defects of its qualities goes without saying. Mr. O'Brien often wants reserve and dignity



MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P.
Sketched from Life.

and some of his friends who most admire his genius and services regret the line he has taken with regard to his action against Lord Salisbury. I confess I cannot quite see in what respect Lord Salisbury has done wrong in enforcing the payment of costs in an action in which, rightly or wrongly, Mr. O'Brien has failed. But it is characteristic of William O'Brien that, when he takes a course which he believes to be right, nothing in heaven or earth can move him from it. That is the nature of the man, and you must take him for better or worse. Above all he is absolutely courageous, indifferent to any considerations but those which his idea of honour dictates, and full of an overpowering and untiring energy, which are the admiration of friend and foe alike. He has all his life been a very poor man, until his marriage with Miss Raffalovitch, who has a fortune of about £3500 a year, and who, on the death of her father, will be a rich woman.

Talking of Irish affairs, I should not be surprised if before many months are over

Mr. Jackson,

who has been doing a good deal of painstaking work in the congested districts, succeeds Mr. Balfour as Chief Secretary. So far as Mr. Jackson is concerned, the appointment would no doubt be a good one. He is a sturdy, vigorous man, physically and intellectually, and I should not be surprised to see him gradually work his way to the front rank in politics. He is a man of business, and the clerks of the Treasury, where as Financial Secretary he has held his place since January 1886, have a very high opinion of his tact and faculty for getting through his work. Indeed, he is in this respect said to be distinctly Mr. Goschen's superior. In the House, too, he makes a very good figure. His speeches are sensible, to the point, full of knowledge when dealing with departmental questions, and, above all, extremely tactful. He is not brilliant, but then you do not want brilliant men on the Treasury bench so much as hard workers, adroit managers, and men possessing good tempers and steady nerves. Mr. Jackson has all these qualifications, and that gives him a good start in the race.

One of the literary sensations of the autumn will undoubtedly be

General Booth's Work on "Darkest England,"

which is formally to set forth the General's plan for dealing with the social question. Some time ago I had an interview with the General, in which he roughly explained to me the scheme which was gathering shape in his brain. He spread before me a kind of poverty map, which gave a rough semi-pictorial, semi-geographical sketch of the scheme which he is working. At the bottom of the map rolled a huge sea of poverty, with its waves of prostitution, pauperism, alcoholism, theft, crime, and what not. On one shore of the sea stood a number of rescue gates labelled "Labour Bureau," "Refuges," "Homes," "Factories," "Workshops," and so on. These gates led in their turn to what the General called his "Home Colony," which was to have several outlets in the shape of agencies for restoring children to their parents, servants to their masters, and so on. In the Home Colony people were to be engaged in all kinds of agricultural pursuits, receiving not so much wages as pocket-money in addition to their subsistence. No drink was to be allowed, but tobacco was not to be forbidden. The colonists were to be engaged in wheat-farms, fruit-farms, as well as in various industrial pursuits, such as brush-making, mat-making, and the rest, some of which are already carried on on a small scale in a factory in London organised and maintained by the Salvation Army.

Beyond the Home Colony,

and as a final end to the entire scheme, General Booth has marked out, in his mind's eye rather than in any actual spot of the habitable globe, a colony beyond the sea to which the offshoots from the Home Colony are to be transported in steamers owned and worked by the Salvation Army. I fancy the General has some idea of getting a grant of land from some Colonial Government — most probably from Canada—but I have not found that he has got much further in the matter than the mere vague adumbration of the scheme. At all events, I cannot learn that any Colonial Government has as yet entertained his proposal, if, indeed, any proposals have been made. However, we shall hear more of the whole scheme in the book which will be out next month, or in November at the latest, and which is the work of a man full of ideas, and possessing a certain driving impulse, which, with the enormous machinery and funds at his disposal, may yet give birth to one of the most extraordinary social movements of the time. General Booth has taken a good many people into his confidence, from General Wolseley to Henry George, and they have all expressed the keenest interest in his plans—the way, an active worker and organiser in the new social reform wing of the Salvation Army is Commissioner Smith, the gentleman who has been charged with assaulting a police inspector.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

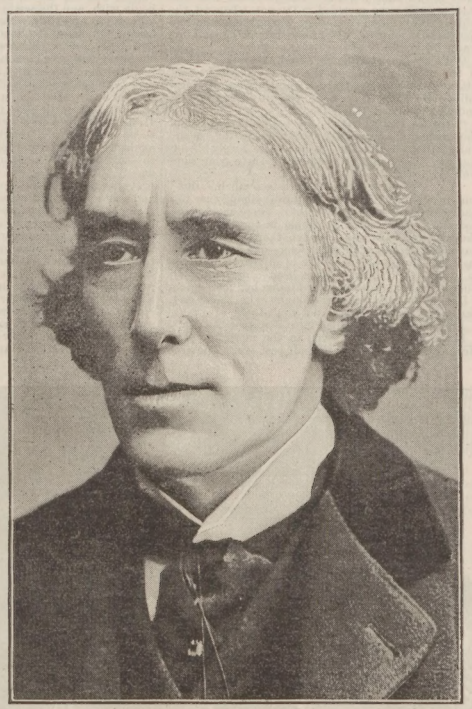
Battersea Park,

for which Londoners are indebted to the enterprise of the Victoria Steam-Boat Association, is becoming better known to the public. I am happy to know. But the People still don't half enough of our magnificent parks. In the portion of Regent's Park nearest to Portland-road station Mr. Jordan has laid out a series of singularly beautiful patterns of bright flowers—crimson fuchsias and vermilion geraniums abounding, velvety and verbaline coxcombs vieing with gorgeous-hued begonias and gay chrysanthemums, and each bed arranged with such exquisite taste as to serve as a model to every amateur gardener—but comparatively few persons seem to be aware of the existence of this delightful pleasance. While English flowers are to be seen at their best in this attractive part of Regent's Park, the Sub-Tropical Garden in Battersea Park, another horticultural triumph of British gardeners, brings home to us the rich botanic splendour of the Tropics. It is well worth a special visit to Battersea Park to feast the eyes on the Kew in miniature. Picturesquely situated on the banks of the lake, the Sub-Tropical Garden affords fresh delight to those who are acquainted even this charming "beauty spot"—a veritable Eden, and a perennial source of wholesome joy.

Mr. Henry Irving.

The interest taken in Mr. Henry Irving's new production, "Ravenswood," is very great indeed, and, as I sat in the stalls, charmed with his admirable acting and the brilliant stage pictures, I recalled how it was at another Lyceum Theatre, at Sunderland, that Mr. Irving first made his professional acquaintance with the stage as Orleans in Lord Lytton's "Richelieu." He was then eighteen years of age, and the date of that performance was 1856. Born at Keinton, near Glastonbury, he had a brief experience of commerce in the office of an East India merchant. But the desk, the ledger, and the penmanship had little interest. Stage-struck, some notices of Mr. Irving's earlier performances extracted from local papers, and read by the light of his present fame, they are not without instruction for the histrionic aspirant, and certainly they are not without amusement for the reader who knows what the actor has done during recent years. But, when Mr. Irving saw what uncomplimentary things were said of him, he simply turned his attention to the earnest study, and the result is that he is the most intellectual and artistic performer of the time. He first began to part and upward during the latter years of his engagement at the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, about 1859. He had not played with famous actors and actresses, the best of the day, and he had learned something from them. At the close of the above year he came to the Princess's, then under the management of the father of the present lessee, of Drury-Lane. Next he went to Manchester,

MISS ELLEN TERRY.
From a Photograph by Messrs. Window and Grove, 63a, Baker-street, W.



MR. HENRY IRVING.
From a Photograph by Walery, 164, Regent-street.

was to make the first ambitious attempt of his career playing Hamlet, and in 1866 he was seen in the St. James's Theatre as Doricourt in "The Belle's Stratagem." In 1867 he appeared as Tony Lumpkin in "The Road to Ruin," and in January 1868 he performed as the new Queen's Evidence in Bob Gossitt in Byron's "Dearer Than Life," at Drury-Lane, Aug. 5, 1869, he appeared at Compton Kerr in "Formosa." But it was not until 1870, as Digby Grant, in "The Two Roses," that he made the most distinct impression on the stage, and few could have imagined from this performance the tragic powers he was soon to display. In "The Bells," in which he appeared in October 1871 at the Lyceum Theatre. From that time forward the career of the actor has been one of steady advance. His noble and dignified Charles the First, his sombre and metaphysical Eugene Aram, his Machiavellian Richelieu, and his masterly rendering of the finest intellectual study of the part that has been seen on the stage has seemed to lead him to his present proud position. "Louis XI." at first partially failed, but was a success when revived last year; his Othello and Lear had their special merits; while his Shylock displayed the highest mental gifts in the creation of character. But in each and all of these parts, whether severely tragical or grotesquely humorous, the individuality of the actor is ever found to remarkable account, and the result is that we are all proud of him," and regard his new character he plays as an artistic

Miss Ellen Terry.

It would be difficult to imagine a more fascinating heroine than Lucy Ashton as represented by Miss Ellen Terry, whose symmetrical style and melodious voice gave a new charm to Sir Walter Scott's hapless heroine. Miss Terry is still in the prime of life, having been born in 1848, and making her first appearance in a child's part in "The Winter's Tale," under the Kean management. In 1858 she played Arthur in "King John"; but it was not until March 1863, at the Haymarket Theatre, that Miss Terry may be said to have made her début. She then played Gertrude in "The Little Treasure," Mr. Sothern being the hero. Miss Ellen Terry, whose symmetrical style and melodious voice gave a new charm to Charles Reade's "Double Marriage," was played by her at the Queen's, in 1867, and then until 1874 Miss Terry was absent from London, but in that year she appeared in Charles Reade's "Wandering Heir," and made a first striking success in the higher character of Portia in "The Merchant of Venice." At the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in which she may be said to have given distinct promise of her future greatness, foreshadowing her present brilliant performance. There was a delicacy and grace in her Portia hardly possible to be surpassed, but for many, the genuine womanliness of Miss Terry's Portia has the greatest charm, while no other actress has so fully realised the poetry of Portia's character. It was the very ideal the author conceived. In the part of the heroine in "The Dead Heart," her character was a subordinate one; but again in "Ravenswood" Miss Terry has full range is displayed, and her Lucy will be found sympathetic to the playgoer than her Lady Macbeth, respecting which character there has been superstitious traditions dating from the "palmy days" which must be forgotten before the full merits of her Lady Macbeth can be appreciated. But Miss Terry is equally charming in pure comedy, and never can I forget the exquisite humour of her Beatrice or the archness of her delivery. The sweetness of her looks and tones when Beatrice begins to think kindly of Benedick dwells in my memory still. Some of the pleasantest associations of the modern stage pass before "the mind's eye" as I jot down these souvenirs of a delightful actress, now at the height of her fame and popularity. Long may she continue to delight us!

Mr. Mackintosh.

In the magnificent Lyceum play of "Ravenswood" the part of Caleb Balderstone is a prominent one, and is well played by that excellent actor Mr. Mackintosh. He is an actor of an original stamp, and does not always get his chance, but as Caleb Balderstone he is extremely well suited with a part. Mr. Mackintosh made a very modest beginning as an actor on Christmas Eve 1872, at the theatre of Elgin, in a play called "Christmas Eve." Mr. Mackintosh, like many others in his profession, had hard work to get on; but in 1875 he was engaged by Mrs. John Wood for the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, and played Crabtree, in the "School for Scandal." From Ireland he went to Scotland, and played with Charles Mathews, Mrs. Kendal, and other popular performers, having several important engagements in the provinces. He made his London début at the Court Theatre, as Dr. Penguin, in "A Scrap of Paper." This is the character afterwards played at the St. James's Theatre by Mr. John Hare. Mr. Mackintosh was received most favourably—this was Jan. 4, 1879—and has since been regarded as an actor of mark, with a style distinctly his own. He was also excellent in "The Queen's Shilling." Mr. Mackintosh, if he cannot be regarded as a versatile performer, and has but a limited range, does admirable work within those limits.

"The Bride of Lammermoor."

Apropos of Mr. Irving's magnificent production of "Ravenswood," a curious fact, known but to few, but mentioned by Sir Walter Scott himself in his original preface to the first edition of the story, was that connections of his own were closely related to the bride. The real heroine was Miss Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair, who, without the consent of her parents, had become secretly engaged to young Lord Rutherford, who was penniless, and opposed in political principles to the bride's family. The young couple broke a piece of gold in token of their engagement, and so emphatic was the lady that she called for the most fearful evils to fall upon her if she broke faith with her lover. But soon a suitor, favoured by Lord Stair, and still more by his wife, paid his addresses to Janet. The new lover was David Dunbar, of excellent family and wealthy, and Lady Stair, a woman of a most vehement character, was determined that her daughter should marry him. Lord Rutherford learned this, and protested strongly; but Lady Stair sent Mr. Dunbar word that her daughter yielded to her wishes, and would accept him. An interview took place between Janet and Lord Rutherford, the stern mother being present, and insisting that, according to the Levitical law, a vow made without the consent of her parents was not binding. Lady Stair quoted other passages of Scripture in proof that her daughter was committing a grievous sin in disobeying her wishes. Stunned, overwhelmed, and feeble in will, the beautiful but weak girl gave back the piece of gold to Lord Rutherford, who uttered a fierce malediction over his lost love, and shortly afterwards quitted the country. The marriage between Janet and Mr. David Dunbar was urged forward, the heroine being a completely passive victim in the hands of her relentless mother. The bridal feast was followed by dancing, and the bride and bridegroom retired, when there was shortly heard wild and piercing cries from the bridal chamber. It was the custom of the time for the best man to have the key of the bridal chamber, and at first he refused to give it up; but the cries were repeated, and at length he, with others, entered the room, to find the bridegroom terribly wounded and streaming with blood. The bride was seen hovering in the cavernous chimney-corner, her reason evidently gone, her brain having given way under the shock of the dreadful deed she had done. The only words she uttered were: "Take up your bonny bridegroom"—the only coherent words that ever passed her lips. She died on Sept. 12, 1669, the marriage having taken place on Aug. 24. The unfortunate bridegroom recovered from his wounds, but would never utter one word to any living being on the sad subject. His death was caused by a fall from his horse while riding from Leith to Holyrood House, and he died on March 28, 1682. This world-famous novel was called "The Bride of Lammermoor," from a desolate mountain range in the vicinity of the castle, where the tragedy took place.

The Bright Intelligence of Modern London Girls

of all classes is undoubtedly in a large measure due to the increased facilities for education, and especially for evening tuition of the most diversified and useful character. The Birkbeck Institute, near Fetter-lane, is a cheap and admirable Evening College for Central London. And in every quarter of London there exist Women's Colleges, whereat for moderate fees girls employed by day at Post or Telegraph Offices, at Shops or Restaurants, can, with their native sharpness, readily master of an evening shorthand and type-writing, French and German, singing and the pianoforte, and, at the same time, enjoy the social advantages of a cosy club. I note that, in addition to these educational accomplishments, the arts of Dress-cutting, Cookery, Nursing, Book-keeping, and Gymnastics may be acquired by working girls of an evening at the Central Institute of the Young Women's Christian Association, 17, Old Cavendish-street, W., or at the Morley Hall, 316, Regent-street. In South London, the Y.W.C.A. has branches at Aberdeen House, Tunstall-road, Brixton, and elsewhere; in East London, at the Finsbury Institute, 14, Finsbury-square, and at the Assembly Hall, Mile End-road; and, in West London, at the Ealing Institute. I am informed that last autumn and winter nearly 2000 young women had the good sense to avail themselves of these evening classes, and that numbers of them studied with such zeal as to gain prizes and certificates. Perhaps the greater reward is the greater happiness derived by-and-by from self-culture acquired in congenial company. I am desired to add that a prospectus as to terms will be sent free on application to the Y.W.C.A.'s Secretary, 16A, Old Cavendish-street, W. THE PROMPTER.

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ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

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PART II.—CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DESERT ISLAND.

THE train proceeded slowly along the head of Mount's Bay, the waters of the high tide washing up almost to the sleepers on the line. Armorel let down the window and looked out across the bay—

Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold.

"See, Effie!" she cried. "There is Mount's-bay. There is the Lizard. There is Penzance. And there—oh! there is the Mount itself!"

St. Michael's Mount, always weird and mysterious, rose out of the waters wrapped in a thin white cloud, which the early sun had not yet been able to dissipate. I am told there is a very fine modern house upon the Mount. I prefer not to believe that story.

The place should always remain lonely, awful, full of mystery and wonder. There is also said to be a battery with guns upon it. Perhaps. But there are much more wonderful things than these to tell of the rock. Upon its highest point those gallant miners—Captain Caractac and Captain Caerleon, both of Boadicea Wheal—were wont to stand gazing out upon the stretch of waters expecting the white sails and flashing oars of the Phœnician fleet, come to buy their white and precious tin, with strong wines from Syria and spices from the far East, and purple robes and bronze swords and spearheads, far better than those made by Flint Jack of the Ordnance Department. Hither came white-robed priests with flowing beards and solemn faces—faces supernaturally solemn, till they were alone upon the rock. Then, perhaps, an eyelid trembled. What they did I know not, nor did the people, but it was something truly awful, with majestic rites and ineffable mysteries and mumbo-jumbo of the very noblest. Here St. Michael himself once, in the ages of Faith, condescended to appear. It was to a hermit. Such appearances were the prizes of the profession. Many went a-hermiting in hopes of getting a personal call from a Saint who would otherwise have fought and lived and died quite like the rest of the world. And, indeed, there were so many Cornish Saints—such as St. Buryan, St. Levan, St. Ives, St. Just, St. Keverne, St. Anthony, not to speak of St. Erth, St. Gulval, St. Austell, St. Wenn—all kindly disposed Saints, anxious to encourage hermits, and pleased to extend their own sphere of usefulness, that few of these holy men were disappointed.

In the bay the blue water danced lightly in the morning breeze: the low, level sunlight shone upon Penzance on the western side: the fishing-boats, back from the night's cruise, lay at their moorings, their brown sails lowered: the merchantmen and trading craft were crowded in the port: beyond, the white curves chased each other across the water, and showed that, outside, the breeze was fresh and the water lively.

"We are almost at home," said Armorel. "There is our steamer lying off the quay—she looks very little, doesn't she? Only a short voyage of forty miles—oh! Effie, I do hope you are a good sailor—and we shall be at Hugh Town."

"Are we really arrived? I believe I have slept the whole night through," said Effie, sitting up and pulling herself straight. "Oh! how lovely!"—as she too looked out of window. "Have you slept well, Armorel?"

"I don't think I have been asleep much. But I am quite happy, Effie, dear—quite as happy as if I had been sound asleep all night. There are dreams, you know, which come to people in the night when they are awake as well as when they are asleep. I have been dreaming all night long—one dream which lasted all the night—one voice in my ears—one hand in mine. Oh! Effie, I have been quite happy!" She showed her happiness by kissing her companion. "I am happier than I ever thought to be. Some day, perhaps, I shall be able to tell you why."

And then the train rolled in to Penzance Station.

It was only half past seven in the morning. The steamer would not start till half past ten. The girls and motionless. She had never been on the sea before, and she had a rough and tumbling day to begin with, and the sea in glory and grandeur—but all was lost and thrown away so far as she was concerned. Armorel stood outside, holding to the ropes with both hands. She was dressed in a waterproof: the spray flew over her: her cheek was wet with it: her eyes were bright with it: the heavy seas dashed over her: she laughed and shook her waterproof: as for wet boots, what Scillonian regardeth them? And the wind—how it blew through and through her! How friendly was its rough welcome! How splendid to be once more on rough water, the boat fighting against a head wind and rolling waves! How glorious to look out once more upon the wild ungoverned waves!

It was not until the boat had rounded the Point and was well out in the open that these things became really enjoyable. Away south stood the Wolf with its tall lighthouse: you could see the white waves boiling and fighting around it and climbing halfway up. Beyond the Wolf a great ocean steamer plunged through the water outward bound. Presently there came flying past them the most beautiful thing ever invented by the wit of man or made by his craft, a three-masted schooner under full sail—all sails spread—not forging slowly along under poverty-stricken stays which proclaim an insufficient crew, but flying over the water under all her canvas. She was a French boat, of Havre.

men, and flower-farmers' men, to say nothing of those representing the interests of commerce—pressed forward to welcome Armorel. Everybody remembered her, but now she was a grand young lady who had left them a simple child. They shook hands with her and stepped aside. And then Peter came forward, looking no older but certainly no younger, and Armorel shook hands with him too. He had the boat alongside, and in five minutes more the sail set, and was on board, the mast was up, the sail set, and Armorel was sitting in her old place, the tiller in her hand, while Peter held the rope and looked out ahead, shading his eyes with his right hand in the old familiar style.

"It is as if I never left home at all," said Armorel. "I sailed like this with Peter yesterday—and the day before."

"You've growed," said Peter, after an inquiring gaze, being for the moment satisfied that there was nothing ahead and that there was no immediate danger of shipwreck on the Nut Rock or Great Island.

"I am five years older," Armorel replied.

"It's been a rare harvest this year," he went on. "I thought we should never come to the end of the daffodils."

"Now I am at home indeed," said Armorel, "when I hear the old, old talk about the flowers. To-morrow, Effie, I will show you our little fields where we grow all the lovely flowers—the anemone and jonquil—the narcissus and the daffodil. This afternoon, when we have had dinner and rested a little, I will take you all round Samson and show you the glories of the place: they are principally the Ancient Kings of the Tombs of the Kings—views of other islands: but there is a headland and two bays, and there are the ruins of Lyonesse—in one of her Roland Lee"—she blushed and turned away her head—henceforth, she understood, this was a name to be treated with more reverence—"found a golden torque, which you have seen me wear. And a golden dear—you shall be so happy: the sea-birds shall fill your soul with music: the sea-breezes shall sing to you: the very waves shall lap on the shore in rhyme and rhythm for you: and the sun of Scilly, which is so warm and glowing, and the sun of Scilly, which is colour that pale cheek of yours, you will not grow spare form. And oh, Effie! I hope you will make tired of Samson and of me! We are two old maids living on a desert island: there is nobody to talk to except each other: we shall wander about talking as we list. Oh, I am so happy, Effie—and oh, my dear, I am so hungry!"

The boat ran up over the white sand of the beach. They jumped out, and Armorel, leaving Peter to bring along the trunks by the assistance of the donkey, led the way over the southern hill to Holy Farm.

"Effie," she said, "I have been tormented this morning with the fear that everything would look small. I was afraid that my old memories—would seem distorted and exaggerated. Now I am not in the least afraid. Samson's child's memories—would seem distorted and exaggerated. Now I am not in the least afraid. Samson as big and quite his eighty acres still: he looks quite as big and quite as homely as ever he did—the boulders are as huge, the rocks are as steep. I remember every boulder,

Drawn by Fred. Barnard.

"Ghosts!" he murmured. "Spooks and ghosts!"—"Spectres!" replied the other. "Phantoms and bogies!"

"There is Scilly, Miss," said the steward, pointing out to sea.

Yes: low down the land lay, west by north. It looked like a cloud at first. Every moment it grew clearer; but always low down. What one sees at first are the eastern shores of St. Agnes and Gugh. St. Mary's, and the Eastern Islands. They are all massed together, so that the eye cannot distinguish one from the other, but all seem to form continuous land. By degrees they separated. Then one could discover the South Channel and the North Channel. When the tide is high and the weather fair, the boat takes the former: at low tide, the latter. To-day the captain chose the South Channel. And now they were so near the land that Armorel could make out Porthellick Bay, and her heart beat, though she was going home to no kith or kin, and to nothing but her *familia*, her serving folk. Next she made out Giants' Castle, then the Old Town, then Peninnis Head, black and threatening. And now they were so near that every carn and every boulder upon it could be made out clearly: and one could see the water rising and falling at the foot of the rock, and hear it roaring as it was driven into the dark caves and the narrow places where the rocks opened out and made make-believe of a port or haven of refuge. And now Porthcressa Bay, and now the Garrison, and smooth water.

Then Armorel brought out Effie, pale and languid. "Now, dear, the voyage is over: we are in smooth water, and shall be in port in ten minutes. Look round—it is all over: we are in the Road. And over there—see!—with his twin hills—is my dear old Samson."

There was a little crowd on the quay waiting to see the boat arrive. All of them—boatmen, fisher-

and every bush, and every patch of brown fern, and almost every trailing branch of bramble. How delightful it is here! How the seabreeze sweeps across the island! How it comes all the way from America—across the Atlantic—to fan you are looking rosier than ever, Effie, I declare you are looking rosier and stronger!" sang—I must, indeed—I always used to sing—I must, indeed—I always did. She threw up her arms in a joyous gesture, and sang a loud and clear burst of song—sang like the lark from the ground, because it cannot help but sing. "I used to jump, too; but I do not somehow. I used to jump, too; but I do not jump any more. Ah, Effie, I was certain there would be some falling-off, but I did not tell in what direction. I can no longer jump when I come of getting old. To be sure, I did jump when I took Roland Lee about the islands. But it was ashamed to jump. Here we are on the top. It is not a mighty Alp, is it?—but it is the highest ground—but only for a moment, because there is a large dinner waiting for us, and you are hungry. This is our way, down the narrow lanes. See the tall hedges to keep off the wind; there is a field of narcissus, but there are no flowers; and the leaves are dying away. Ah! Here we are!"

The house did not look in the least mean, or any of it. Armorel expected. She became even accustomed to it. Where else could one find a row of great verbena-trees and prickly pear not to speak of the creepers over the door, the gilt figure-head, and the big ship's lantern in the porch? Within, the sunlight poured into the rooms—all of them looking south—and lay softly in the room where formerly the light had passed her time in the hooded chair—which had been put away and the chair gone—the cloth was laid for dinner. And in the porch were the old serving-folk—Justinian not a day older, Jael unchanged, and Chessun thin and worn, as old to look at, as her mother. And as soon as greetings were over, and the questions had been answered, and the news told of the harvest and the fishing, and the girls had run all over the house, and seen everything that was the same, and a few things changed, it was a blessed thing that we must eat, because of the necessity we have woven so many pretty customs round it. We eat together because we love each other: we eat together to celebrate anything and everything. Above all, we eat a welcome home: we eat a good-bye to celebrate such an event as the return of one who has been parted from us we make a little feast. So the dinner which Chessun placed upon the table had been bought and pains had been bestowed upon it. First there was a chicken roasted, with a bird stood by the table, watching the effect—a tenderness of flesh and a willingness to please the joints unknown beyond the shores of Lyonesse, and a delicacy of flavour which Chessun said so, and the girls believed it—all so good as in this happy realm of Queen willing to believe that nothing in the world was also invited special attention to a peach, which was, she justly remarked, a rich and a delicious fruit. The potatoes, served in their skins, were a production of smallness—had Armorel met with such, ever seen or dreamed of such potatoes? Samson? had the young lady, Effie, ever seen or dreamed of such potatoes? Not a bit of grit was there upon them, which had been grown on the farm, freshly cut, and the earth, fragrant with the seabreeze. There was also home-made bread, sweet, wholesome, and there was also placed upon the table a flagon of Lord's best, filled with home-brewed, furnished by the whole House of Lords combined—could not all the breweries of Burton—or a hundred snow-white, venerable, and benevolent, Archie Wilmot's fortune is made, and he will."

"Mr. Roland Lee showed his picture that night. He had just come out of a madhouse, had he not?"

"Not quite that. He failed, and dropped out. But what he did with himself or how he lived for three years I do not exactly know. He has returned, and never alludes to that time."

"And he imitates my husband."

"No, no—not exactly. The resemblance is close: only an experienced critic"—Oh! Dick Stephenson!—"could discern the real differences of treatment." Mrs. Feilding smiled. "But I knew him before he disappeared, and I assure you his method was then the same as it is now. Very much like your husband's style, yet with a difference."

"I am glad there is a difference. You know, I suppose, that Armorel has gone away?"

"I have heard so."

"It became possible for us at last to acknowledge things. So I joined my husband. Armorel went home—to her own home in the Scilly Islands. She took Effie Wilmot with her. Indeed, the girl's flatteries have become necessary to her. I fear she was unhappy, poor child! I sometimes think, Mr. Stephenson, that she saw too much of Alec. Of course, he was a good deal with us, and I could not tell him the whole truth, and—and—girls' heads are easily turned, you know, when genius seems to be attracted. Poor Armorel!" she sighed, playing with her fan. "Time, I dare say, will help her to forget."

"It is a pity," said Dick Stephenson, changing the subject, because he did not quite believe this version—"it is a pity that Mr. Feilding, who can give such admirable advice to a young dramatist, does not write a play himself."

"Hush!" she looked all round, "nobody is listening. Alec *has* written a play, Mr. Stephenson. It is a three-act drama—a tragedy—strong—oh! so strong—so strong!" She clasped her hands again, letting the fan dangle from her wrist. "So effective! I don't know when I have seen a play with more striking situations. It is accepted. But not a word has yet been said about it."

"May I say something about it? Will you let me be the first to announce it, and to give some little account of it?"

"I will ask Alec. If he consents, I will tell you more about the play. And, my dear Mr. Stephenson, you, one of our old friends, really ought to do some work for the paper."

"I have not been asked," he replied, colouring, for he was still at that stage when the dramatic critic is flattered by being invited to write for a paper.

"You shall be. How do you like the paper?"

"It has so completely changed its character, one would think that the whole staff had been changed. Every body reads it now, and everybody takes it, I believe."

"The circulation has gone up by leaps and bounds. It is really wonderful. But, Mr. Stephenson, here is one of the reasons. Give me a little credit—poor me! I cannot write, but I can look on, and I have a pair of eyes, and I can see things. Now, I saw that Alec was killing himself with writing. Every week a story; also, every week, a poem; every week an original article: and then those notes. I made him stop. I said to him, 'Stamp your own individuality on every line of the paper; but write it yourself no longer. Edit it.' You see, it is not as if Alec had to prove his powers: he has proved them already. So he can afford to let others do the hard work, while he adds the magic touch—the touch of genius—that touch that goes to the heart. And the result you see."

"Yes; the brightest—cleverest—most varied paper that exists."

"With a large staff. Formerly Alec and one or two others formed the whole staff. Well, Mr. Stephenson, I know that Alec is going to ask you to do some of the dramatic criticism, and if you consent I shall be very pleased to have been the first to mention it."

It will be understood from this conversation that the new methods of managing the business of the Firm were essentially different from the old. The paper had taken a new departure: it prospered. It was understood that the editor put less of his own work into it; but the articles, verses, and stories were all unsigned, and no one could tell exactly which were his papers: therefore, as all were clever, his reputation remained on the same level. Also, there was a thick and solid mass of advertisements each week, which represented public confidence widespread and deep. "Give me," cries the proprietor of a paper, "the confidence of advertisers. That is proof enough of popularity."

Mrs. Feilding moved to another part of the room, and began to talk with another man.

"My husband," she said, "has prepared a little surprise for us this evening. I say for us, because I have not seen what he has to show—since it came back from the framemaker."

"It is a picture, then?"

"A picture in a new style. He has abandoned for a time his coast and seashore studies. This is in quite a new style. I think—I hope—that it will be liked as well as his old."

"He is indeed a wonderful man!"

"Is he not?" She laughed—a low and musical—a contented and a happy laugh. "Is he not? You never know what Alec may be going to do next."

Mrs. Feilding's Sundays have already become a great success: such a success as a woman of the world may desire, and a clever woman can achieve. There is once more, as she says proudly, a *salon* in London. If it does not quite take the lead that she pretends in Art and Letters, it is always full. Men who go there once, go again: they find the kind of entertainment that they like: plenty of people for talk, to begin with. Then, every man is made, by the hostess, to feel that his own position in the literary and artistic world is above even his own estimate: that is soothing: in fact, the note of the *salon* is appreciation—not mutual admiration, as the envious do enviously affirm. Moreover, everybody in the *salon* has done something—perhaps not much, but something. And then the place is one where the talk is delightfully free, almost as free as in a club smoking-room. Every evening, again, there is some kind of entertainment, but not too much, because the *salon* has to keep up its reputation for conversation, and music destroys conversation. "Let us," said Mrs. Feilding, "revive the dead art of conversation. Let the men in this room make their reputation as they did a hundred years ago, for brilliant talk." I have not heard that Mrs. Feilding has yet developed a talker like the mighty men of old: perhaps one will come along later: those, however, who have looked into the subject with an ambition in that line, and have ascertained the nature of the epigrams, repartees retorts, quips, jokes, and personal observations attributed to Messrs. Douglas Jerrold and his brilliant circle, are doubtful of reviving that Art except in a modified and greatly chastened, even an effeminate, form.

The entertainments provided by Mrs. Feilding consisted of a little music or a little singing—always by a young and little-known professional: there was generally something in the fashion—young lady with a banjo or tum-tum, or anything which was popular: young gentleman to whistle: young actor or actress to give a character sketch: sometimes a picture sent in for private exhibition: sometimes a little poem printed for the evening and handed about—one never knew what would be done.

But always the hostess would be gracious, winning, caressing, smiling, and talking incessantly: always she would be gliding about the room, making her friends talk: the happy wife of the most accomplished and most versatile man in London. And always that illustrious genius himself, calm and grave, taking Art seriously, laying down with authority the opinion that should be held to a circle who surrounded him. The circle consisted chiefly of women and of young men. Older men, with that reluctance to listen to the voice of Authority which distinguishes many after thirty, held aloof and talked with each other. "Alec Feilding," said one of them, expressing the general opinion, "may be a mighty clever fellow, but he talks like a dull book. You've heard it all before. And you've heard it better put. It's wonderful that such a clever dog should be such a dull dog."

They came, however, in spite of the dulness: the wife would have carried off a hundred dull dogs.

As in certain earlier and better-known circles, the men greatly outnumbered the women. "I am not in love with my own sex," said Mrs. Feilding, quite openly. "I prefer the society of men." But some women came of their own accord, and some were brought by their fathers, husbands, lovers, and brothers. No one could say that ladies kept away from Mrs. Feilding's Sunday evenings.

This evening, the principal thing was the uncovering of a new picture—Mr. Feilding's new picture.

At ten o'clock the painter-poet, in obedience to a whisper from his wife, moved slowly, followed by his ring of disciples—male and female—all young—a callow brood—to the upper end of the room, where was an easel. A picture stood upon it, but a large green cloth was thrown over it.

"I thought," said Mr. Alec Feilding, in his most dignified manner, "that you would like to see this picture before anyone else. It is one of the little privileges of our Sunday evenings to show things to each other. Some of you may remember," he said, with the true humility of genius, "that I have exhibited, hitherto, chiefly pictures of coast scenery. I have always been of opinion that a man should not confine himself to one class of subjects. His purchasing public may demand it, but the true artist should disregard all and any considerations connected with money."

"Your true artist hasn't always got a weekly journal to fall back upon," growled a young A.R.A. who did stick to one class of subjects. He had been brought there. As a rule, artists are not found at Mrs. Feilding's, nor do they rally round the cleverest man in London.

"I say," repeated the really great man, "that the wishes of buyers must not be weighed for an instant in comparison with the true interests of Art."

"Like a copy-book," murmured the Associate.

"Therefore, I have attempted a new line altogether. I have made new studies. They have cost a great deal of time and trouble and anxious thought. It is quite a new departure. I anticipate, beforehand, what you will say at first. But—Eccolo!"

He lifted the green cloth. At the same moment his wife turned up a light that stood beside the painting. He disclosed a really very beautiful painting: a group of trees beside a shallow pool of water: the trees were leafless: a little snow lay at their roots: the pool was frozen over: there was a little mist over the ground, and between the trunks one saw the setting sun.

"By Jove! It's a Belgian picture!" cried the Associate. And, indeed, you may see hundreds of pictures exactly in this style in the Brussels galleries, where the artists are never tired of painting the flat country and the trees, at every season and under every light.

"Precisely," said the painter. "That is the remark which I anticipated. Let us call it—if you like—a Belgian picture. The subject is English: the treatment, perhaps, Belgian. For my part, I am not too proud to learn something from the Belgians."

The Associate touched the man nearest him—an artist, not yet an Associate—by the arm.

"Ghosts!" he murmured. "Spooks and ghosts!"

"Spectres!" replied the other. "Phantoms and bogies!"

"A Haunted Studio!" said the Associate. "My knees totter! My hair stands on end!"

"I tremble—I have goose-flesh!" replied his friend.

"Let us—let us run to the Society of Psychical Research!" whispered the Associate.

"Let us swiftly run!" said the other.

They fled, swiftly and softly. Only Mrs. Feilding observed their flight. She also gathered from their looks the subject of their talk. And she resolved that she would not, henceforth, encourage artists at her Sunday evenings. She turned to Dick Stephenson.

"You, Mr. Stephenson," she said, "who are a true critic and understand work, tell me what *you* think of the picture."

The great critic—he was not really a humbug; he was very fond of looking at pictures; only, you see, he was not an artist—advanced to the front, bent forward, considered a few moments, and then spoke.

"A dexterous piece of work—truly dexterous in the highest sense: full of observation intelligently and poetically rendered: careful: truthful: with intense feeling. I could hardly have believed that any English painter was capable of work in this *genre*."

The people all gazed upon the canvas with rapt admiration: they murmured that it was wonderful and beautiful. Then Alec covered up the picture, and somebody began to play something.

"Alec," said Mr. Jagenal, who seldom came to these gatherings, "I congratulate you. Your picture is very good. And in a new style. When will you be content to settle down in the jog-trot that the British public love?"

"Let me change my subject sometimes. When I am tired of trees I will go back, perhaps, to the sea and seapieces."

"Ah! But take care. There's a fellow coming along—— By the way, Alec, I have made a discovery lately."

"What is it?"

"About those rubies. Why, man"—for Alec turned suddenly pale—"you remember that business still?"

"Indeed I do," he replied. "And I am not likely to forget it in a hurry."

"My dear boy, to paint such pictures is worth many such bags of precious stones, if you will only think so."

"What's your discovery?" Alec asked hoarsely.

"Well; I have found, quite accidentally, the eldest grandchild of the second daughter—your great-aunt."

"Oh!" Again he changed colour. "Then you will, I suppose, hand him over the things."

"Yes, certainly. I have sent for him. He does not yet know what I want him for. And I shall give him the jewels in obedience to Armorel's instructions. Alec, I have always been desperately sorry for your unfortunate discovery."

"It caused a pang, certainly. And who is my cousin?"

"Well, Alec, I will not tell you until I have made quite sure. Not that there is any doubt. But I had better not. You will perhaps like to make his acquaintance. Perhaps you know him already. I don't say, mind."

"Well, Sir," said Alec, "when he realises the extent and value of his windfall, I expect he will show a depth of gratitude which will astonish you. I do, indeed."

"Zoe," he said, when everybody was gone, "are you quite sure that in the matter of those rubies your action can never be discovered?"

"Anything may be discovered. But I think—I believe—that it will be difficult. Why?"

"Because my cousin, the grandson of Robert Fletcher's second daughter, has been found, and he will receive the jewels to-morrow. And when he finds out what they are worth"——

"Then, Alec, it will be asked who had the jewels. They were taken to the bank by Mr. Jagenal; and taken from thence to Mr. Jagenal. What have you—what have I—to do with them? Don't think about it, Alec. It has nothing to do with us. No suspicion can possibly attach to us. Forget the whole business. The ceremony went off very well. The picture struck them very much. And I've laid the foundation for curiosity about the play. And as for the paper, I was going into accounts this morning: it is paying at the rate of three thousand a year. Alec, you have never until now been really and truly the cleverest man in London."

(To be concluded in our Next.)

PART II.—CHAPTER XXVIII.

AT HOME.

"I am so very pleased to see *you* here, Mr. Stephenson." Mrs. Feilding welcomed him with her sweetest and most gracious smile. "To attract our few really sincere critics—there are so many incompetent pretenders—as well as the leaders in all the Arts is my great ambition. And now you have come."

"You are very kind," said Dick, blushing. "I dare say he is a really great critic at the hours when he is not a most superior clerk in the Admiralty. At the same time, one is not often told the whole, the naked, the gratifying truth."

"To have a *salon*, that is my desire: to fill it with men of light and leading. Now you have broken the ice, you will come often, will you not? Every Sunday evening, at least. My husband will be most pleased to find you here."

"Again, you are very kind."

"We saw you yesterday afternoon at that poor boy's matinée, did we not? The crush was too great for us to exchange a word with you. What do you think of the piece?"

"I always liked it. I was present, you know, at the reading that night."

"Oh yes: the reading—Armorel Rosevean's Reading. Yes. Though that hardly gave one an idea of the play."

"The piece went very well indeed. I should think it will catch on; but of course the public are very capricious. One never knows whether they will take to a thing or not. To my mind there is every prospect of success. In any case, young Wilmot has shown that he possesses poetical and dramatic powers of a very high order indeed. He seems the most promising of the men before us at present. That is, if he keeps up to the standard of this first effort."

"Ye—es? Of course we must discount some of the promise. You have heard, for instance, that my husband lent his advice and assistance?"

"He said so, after the reading, did he not?"

"Nobody knows, Mr. Stephenson," she clasped her hands and turned her limpid eyes upon the young man, "how many successes my husband has helped to make by his timely assistance! What he did to this particular play I do not know, of course. During the reading and during yesterday's performance, I seemed to hear his voice through all the acts. It haunted me. But Alec said nothing. He sat in silence, smiling, as if he had never heard the words before. Oh! It is wonderful! And now—not a word of recognition! You help people to climb up, and then they pretend—they pretend—to have got up by their own exertions! Not that Alec expects gratitude or troubles himself much about these things, but, naturally, I feel hurt. And oh! Mr. Stephenson, what must be the conscience of the man—how can he bear to live—who goes about the world pretending—pretending," she shook her head sadly, "pretending to have written other men's works."

"Men will do anything, I suppose. This kind of assistance ought, however, to be recognised. I will make some allusion to it in my notice of the play. Meantime, if I can read the future at all, Master Archie Wilmot's fortune is made, and he will."

"Mr. Roland Lee showed his picture that night. He had just come out of a madhouse, had he not?"

"Not quite that. He failed, and dropped out. But what he did with himself or how he lived for three years I do not exactly know. He has returned, and never alludes to that time."

"And he imitates my husband."

"No, no—not exactly. The resemblance is close: only an experienced critic"—Oh! Dick Stephenson!—"could discern the real differences of treatment." Mrs. Feilding smiled. "But I knew him before he disappeared, and I assure you his method was then the same as it is now. Very much like your husband's style, yet with a difference."

"I am glad there is a difference. You know, I suppose, that Armorel has gone away?"

"I have heard so."

"It became possible for us at last to acknowledge things. So I joined my husband. Armorel went home—to her own home in the Scilly Islands. She took Effie Wilmot with her. Indeed, the girl's flatteries have become necessary to her. I fear she was unhappy, poor child! I sometimes think, Mr. Stephenson, that she saw too much of Alec. Of course, he was a good deal with us, and I could not tell him the whole truth, and—and—girls' heads are easily turned, you know, when genius seems to be attracted. Poor Armorel!" she sighed, playing with her fan. "Time, I dare say, will help her to forget."

"It is a pity," said Dick Stephenson, changing the subject, because he did not quite believe this version—"it is a pity that Mr. Feilding, who can give such admirable advice to a young dramatist, does not write a play himself."

"Hush!" she looked all round, "nobody is listening. Alec *has* written a play, Mr. Stephenson. It is a three-act drama—a tragedy—strong—oh! so strong—so strong!" She clasped her hands again, letting the fan dangle from her wrist. "So effective! I don't know when I have seen a play with more striking situations. It is accepted. But not a word has yet been said about it."

"May I say something about it? Will you let me be the first to announce it, and to give some little account of it?"

"I will ask Alec. If he consents, I will tell you more about the play. And, my dear Mr. Stephenson, you, one of our old friends, really ought to do some work for the paper."

"I have not been asked," he replied, colouring, for he was still at that stage when the dramatic critic is flattered by being invited to write for a paper.

"You shall be. How do you like the paper?"

"It has so completely changed its character, one would think that the whole staff had been changed. Every body reads it now, and everybody takes it, I believe."

"The circulation has gone up by leaps and bounds. It is really wonderful. But, Mr. Stephenson, here is one of the reasons. Give me a little credit—poor me! I cannot write, but I can look on, and I have a pair of eyes, and I can see things. Now, I saw that Alec was killing himself with writing. Every week a story; also, every week, a poem; every week an original article: and then those notes. I made him stop. I said to him, 'Stamp your own individuality on every line of the paper; but write it yourself no longer. Edit it.' You see, it is not as if Alec had to prove his powers: he has proved them already. So he can afford to let others do the hard work, while he adds the magic touch—the touch of genius—that touch that goes to the heart. And the result you see."

"Yes; the brightest—cleverest—most varied paper that exists."

"With a large staff. Formerly Alec and one or two others formed the whole staff. Well, Mr. Stephenson, I know that Alec is going to ask you to do some of the dramatic criticism, and if you consent I shall be very pleased to have been the first to mention it."

It will be understood from this conversation that the new methods of managing the business of the Firm were essentially different from the old. The paper had taken a new departure: it prospered. It was understood that the editor put less of his own work into it; but the articles, verses, and stories were all unsigned, and no one could tell exactly which were his papers: therefore, as all were clever, his reputation remained on the same level. Also, there was a thick and solid mass of advertisements each week, which represented public confidence widespread and deep. "Give me," cries the proprietor of a paper, "the confidence of advertisers. That is proof enough of popularity."

Mrs. Feilding moved to another part of the room, and began to talk with another man.

"My husband," she said, "has prepared a little surprise for us this evening. I say for us, because I have not seen what he has to show—since it came back from the framemaker."

"It is a picture, then?"

"A picture in a new style. He has abandoned for a time his coast and seashore studies. This is in quite a new style. I think—I hope—that it will be liked as well as his old."

"He is indeed a wonderful man!"

"Is he not?" She laughed—a low and musical—a contented and a happy laugh. "Is he not? You never know what Alec may be going to do next."

Mrs. Feilding's Sundays have already become a great success: such a success as a woman of the world may desire, and a clever woman can achieve. There is once more, as she says proudly, a *salon* in London. If it does not quite take the lead that she pretends in Art and Letters, it is always full. Men who go there once, go again: they find the kind of entertainment that they like: plenty of people for talk, to begin with. Then, every man is made, by the hostess, to feel that his own position in the literary and artistic world is above even his own estimate: that is soothing: in fact, the note of the *salon* is appreciation—not mutual admiration, as the envious do enviously affirm. Moreover, everybody in the *salon* has done something—perhaps not much, but something. And then the place is one where the talk is delightfully free, almost as free as in a club smoking-room. Every evening, again, there is some kind of entertainment, but not too much, because the *salon* has to keep up its reputation for conversation, and music destroys conversation. "Let us," said Mrs. Feilding, "revive the dead art of conversation. Let the men in this room make their reputation as they did a hundred years ago, for brilliant talk." I have not heard that Mrs. Feilding has yet developed a talker like the mighty men of old: perhaps one will come along later: those, however, who have looked into the subject with an ambition in that line, and have ascertained the nature of the epigrams, repartees retorts, quips, jokes, and personal observations attributed to Messrs. Douglas Jerrold and his brilliant circle, are doubtful of reviving that Art except in a modified and greatly chastened, even an effeminate, form.

The entertainments provided by Mrs. Feilding consisted of a little music or a little singing—always by a young and little-known professional: there was generally something in the fashion—young lady with a banjo or tum-tum, or anything which was popular: young gentleman to whistle: young actor or actress to give a character sketch: sometimes a picture sent in for private exhibition: sometimes a little poem printed for the evening and handed about—one never knew what would be done.

But always the hostess would be gracious, winning, caressing, smiling, and talking incessantly: always she would be gliding about the room, making her friends talk: the happy wife of the most accomplished and most versatile man in London. And always that illustrious genius himself, calm and grave, taking Art seriously, laying down with authority the opinion that should be held to a circle who surrounded him. The circle consisted chiefly of women and of young men. Older men, with that reluctance to listen to the voice of Authority which distinguishes many after thirty, held aloof and talked with each other. "Alec Feilding," said one of them, expressing the general opinion, "may be a mighty clever fellow, but he talks like a dull book. You've heard it all before. And you've heard it better put. It's wonderful that such a clever dog should be such a dull dog."

They came, however, in spite of the dulness: the wife would have carried off a hundred dull dogs.

As in certain earlier and better-known circles, the men greatly outnumbered the women. "I am not in love with my own sex," said Mrs. Feilding, quite openly. "I prefer the society of men." But some women came of their own accord, and some were brought by their fathers, husbands, lovers, and brothers. No one could say that ladies kept away from Mrs. Feilding's Sunday evenings.

This evening, the principal thing was the uncovering of a new picture—Mr. Feilding's new picture.

At ten o'clock the painter-poet, in obedience to a whisper from his wife, moved slowly, followed by his ring of disciples—male and female—all young—a callow brood—to the upper end of the room, where was an easel. A picture stood upon it, but a large green cloth was thrown over it.

"I thought," said Mr. Alec Feilding, in his most dignified manner, "that you would like to see this picture before anyone else. It is one of the little privileges of our Sunday evenings to show things to each other. Some of you may remember," he said, with the true humility of genius, "that I have exhibited, hitherto, chiefly pictures of coast scenery. I have always been of opinion that a man should not confine himself to one class of subjects. His purchasing public may demand it, but the true artist should disregard all and any considerations connected with money."

"Your true artist hasn't always got a weekly journal to fall back upon," growled a young A.R.A. who did stick to one class of subjects. He had been brought there. As a rule, artists are not found at Mrs. Feilding's, nor do they rally round the cleverest man in London.

"I say," repeated the really great man, "that the wishes of buyers must not be weighed for an instant in comparison with the true interests of Art."

"Like a copy-book," murmured the Associate.

"Therefore, I have attempted a new line altogether. I have made new studies. They have cost a great deal of time and trouble and anxious thought. It is quite a new departure. I anticipate, beforehand, what you will say at first. But—Eccolo!"

He lifted the green cloth. At the same moment his wife turned up a light that stood beside the painting. He disclosed a really very beautiful painting: a group of trees beside a shallow pool of water: the trees were leafless: a little snow lay at their roots: the pool was frozen over: there was a little mist over the ground, and between the trunks one saw the setting sun.

"By Jove! It's a Belgian picture!" cried the Associate. And, indeed, you may see hundreds of pictures exactly in this style in the Brussels galleries, where the artists are never tired of painting the flat country and the trees, at every season and under every light.

"Precisely," said the painter. "That is the remark which I anticipated. Let us call it—if you like—a Belgian picture. The subject is English: the treatment, perhaps, Belgian. For my part, I am not too proud to learn something from the Belgians."

The Associate touched the man nearest him—an artist, not yet an Associate—by the arm.

"Ghosts!" he murmured. "Spooks and ghosts!"

"Spectres!" replied the other. "Phantoms and bogies!"

"A Haunted Studio!" said the Associate. "My knees totter! My hair stands on end!"

"I tremble—I have goose-flesh!" replied his friend.

"Let us—let us run to the Society of Psychical Research!" whispered the Associate.

"Let us swiftly run!" said the other.

They fled, swiftly and softly. Only Mrs. Feilding observed their flight. She also gathered from their looks the subject of their talk. And she resolved that she would not, henceforth, encourage artists at her Sunday evenings. She turned to Dick Stephenson.

"You, Mr. Stephenson," she said, "who are a true critic and understand work, tell me what *you* think of the picture."

The great critic—he was not really a humbug; he was very fond of looking at pictures; only, you see, he was not an artist—advanced to the front, bent forward, considered a few moments, and then spoke.

"A dexterous piece of work—truly dexterous in the highest sense: full of observation intelligently and poetically rendered: careful: truthful: with intense feeling. I could hardly have believed that any English painter was capable of work in this *genre*."

The people all gazed upon the canvas with rapt admiration: they murmured that it was wonderful and beautiful. Then Alec covered up the picture, and somebody began to play something.

"Alec," said Mr. Jagenal, who seldom came to these gatherings, "I congratulate you. Your picture is very good. And in a new style. When will you be content to settle down in the jog-trot that the British public love?"

"Let me change my subject sometimes. When I am tired of trees I will go back, perhaps, to the sea and seapieces."

"Ah! But take care. There's a fellow coming along—— By the way, Alec, I have made a discovery lately."

"What is it?"

"About those rubies. Why, man"—for Alec turned suddenly pale—"you remember that business still?"

"Indeed I do," he replied. "And I am not likely to forget it in a hurry."

"My dear boy, to paint such pictures is worth many such bags of precious stones, if you will only think so."

"What's your discovery?" Alec asked hoarsely.

"Well; I have found, quite accidentally, the eldest grandchild of the second daughter—your great-aunt."

"Oh!" Again he changed colour. "Then you will, I suppose, hand him over the things."

"Yes, certainly. I have sent for him. He does not yet know what I want him for. And I shall give him the jewels in obedience to Armorel's instructions. Alec, I have always been desperately sorry for your unfortunate discovery."

"It caused a pang, certainly. And who is my cousin?"

"Well, Alec, I will not tell you until I have made quite sure. Not that there is any doubt. But I had better not. You will perhaps like to make his acquaintance. Perhaps you know him already. I don't say, mind."

"Well, Sir," said Alec, "when he realises the extent and value of his windfall, I expect he will show a depth of gratitude which will astonish you. I do, indeed."

"Zoe," he said, when everybody was gone, "are you quite sure that in the matter of those rubies your action can never be discovered?"

"Anything may be discovered. But I think—I believe—that it will be difficult. Why?"

"Because my cousin, the grandson of Robert Fletcher's second daughter, has been found, and he will receive the jewels to-morrow. And when he finds out what they are worth"——

"Then, Alec, it will be asked who had the jewels. They were taken to the bank by Mr. Jagenal; and taken from thence to Mr. Jagenal. What have you—what have I—to do with them? Don't think about it, Alec. It has nothing to do with us. No suspicion can possibly attach to us. Forget the whole business. The ceremony went off very well. The picture struck them very much. And I've laid the foundation for curiosity about the play. And as for the paper, I was going into accounts this morning: it is paying at the rate of three thousand a year. Alec, you have never until now been really and truly the cleverest man in London."

(To be concluded in our Next.)

MORE CHANCE FOR EXPERIMENT.

DOCTOR: "He insulted me! He said he wouldn't have me attend a cat for him."

MAUD: "Well, now, I think that was unkind of him. I don't see why he should fear to entrust a cat to your treatment." (The Doctor looks surprised.) "Indeed, I don't. A cat has nine lives, you know."

"GOOD.—A Food alike suitable for building and for repairing the waste which is to all the processes of life."—*Health.*—[ADVT.]

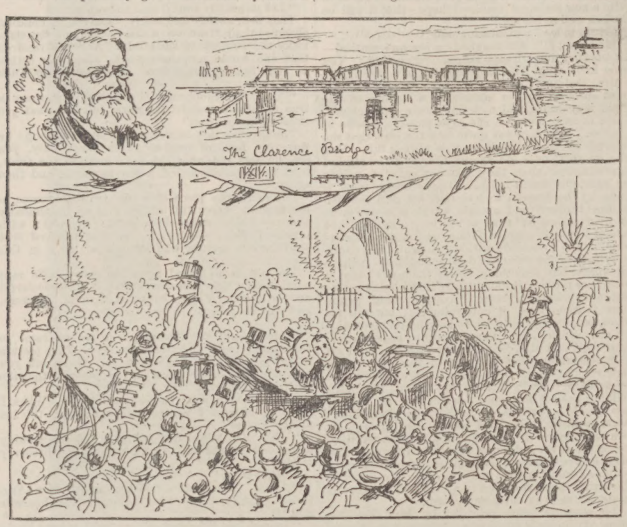
HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE QUEEN, says the *World*, confined her excursions last week to afternoon drives within the Royal demesne, except on Thursday, when she went through Braemar and on to the beautiful Linn of Dee, where a picnic-tea had been arranged; and on Wednesday, when her Majesty drove by Invercauld and the Lion's Face to old Mar Lodge, where she stayed for some time with Madame Albani.

The Prince of Wales went out shooting from Abergeldie on three days last week, and there were drives in the Birkhall and Abergeldie woods, and H.R.H. shot two stags in Balmoral Forest. The Prince is at Mar Lodge this week, and deer-drives were arranged in Mar Forest, in the Glen Quoich and Glen Derry sections. The Princess has been out salmon-fishing once or twice, but with scanty success, as the Dee was not in ply, and the Abergeldie stretch always yields the best sport in the spring.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected in London on Oct. 1, after a brief visit to Lord and Lady Londonderry on their way back from Scotland. On Oct. 4 the Prince leaves town for Hungary to visit Count Festetics, with whom he will go shooting.

The visit of the Queen of Roumania to Balmoral, says *Atlas*, will be very brief, and her stay at the castle is not likely to exceed two nights. Her Majesty will probably go to Scotland sooner than was expected, in order that she may pay a flying visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Abergeldie. Queen Elizabeth is desirous of traversing as much characteristic Highland scenery as possible, and she will probably go to Balmoral by the old



CARDIFF'S CORDIAL WELCOME TO H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

"Royal route," driving through Blairgowrie through the Spittal of Glenshee. If the weather is fine (and October is usually a good month in Scotland), Queen Elizabeth will proceed from Balmoral to Blair Athole by Poll Tarff and Glen Tilt, a route which the Queen has twice traversed, and affording some of the grandest scenery in Scotland. A visit to Inverness, the voyage by the Caledonian Canal to Oban, a trip to Staffa and Iona, the tour of Loch Tay, and finally a brief sojourn at Edinburgh, are the proposed movements of Queen Elizabeth, who also intends to inspect Abbotsford before she returns south.

A letter having been addressed to the Queen asking that the bands of the Guards might perform on Sunday afternoons during the autumn in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, and that the ratepayers might be admitted to the grounds on obtaining tickets issued through the Lord Chamberlain, her Majesty, through General Sir H. Ponsonby, has intimated her inability at present to entertain the proposition.

The Duke of Clarence visited Cardiff on the 17th, and opened the new Grangetown Bridge. He lunched at the Park Hall, received the honorary freedom of the borough, drove along the Docks, visited the Castle with Lord Bute, and returned in the evening with his host, Sir Joseph Bailey, to Llanusk. The Prince (who spoke well in each reply he made) was heartily cheered by great crowds of people, who filled the streets along which the Royal procession passed. A *P.I.P.* Artist at Cardiff furnished the Sketches which are reproduced on this page.

The Empress Frederick will remain at Venice till the end of September, and will then leave for Berlin. She will stop on the way at Bonn to look at the house that has been selected as a residence for her daughter, Princess Victoria, after her marriage, and will also spend a few days at Homburg in order to inspect the progress of the works at the house she is having built at Cronberg.

Mr. H. L. Collinson, the registered proprietor, and Mr. A. Moore, the editor, of the *Hawk*, were summoned, at Bow-street Police Court, on the 18th, for publishing a defamatory libel concerning Miss Gladys Knowles, who was recently awarded ten thousand pounds damages against Mr. Duncan, of the *Matrimonial News*, for breach of promise of marriage. The article was reproduced in French from a Paris paper, and, while counsel for complainant said it was a malicious libel and unfit for publication, Mr. George Lewis, for the defendants, contended that it was merely a satirical comment on the extraordinary verdict in the breach-of-promise case. Eventually, the summons against Mr. Collinson was dismissed, and that against Mr. Moore adjourned for a fortnight.

Mr. John Dillon, M.P., and Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., were arrested on the 18th inst., and conveyed to Tipperary, where they were charged before two resident magistrates with intimidating the tenants of Mr. Smith-Barry, M.P., with a view to causing them to abstain from paying their rents. The defendants were remanded on bail for a week. Ten other persons, including Mr. Condon, M.P., Mr. Sheehy, M.P., and Mr. P. O'Brien, M.P., are to be summoned for a similar offence.

The funeral of M. Joffrin, General Boulanger's opponent at Montmartre at the last elections, was witnessed in Paris on the 18th by nearly twenty thousand people. The procession, made up of representatives of the Chamber, of Town and General Councils, and delegates of Working Men's Societies, carrying furled flags, started from the house of the deceased at Montmartre at about half past three, and it was close on half past five before it reached Père Lachaise Cemetery, where the red flags were unfurled. There was an immense display of wreaths, mostly red. The speeches over the grave were greeted by cries of "Vive la Commune!"

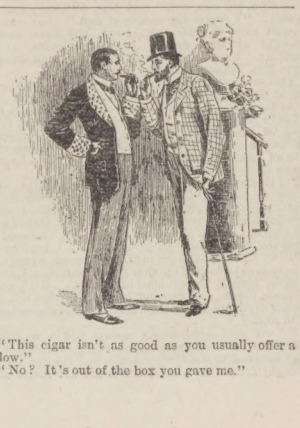
As the draymen employed by the woollen merchants of Sydney have gone on strike, the merchants themselves one day last week drove the drays from the railway station at Redfern, a suburb of Sydney, to the Circular Quay. The mob who accompanied them became so aggressive that the Riot Act was read, and the police and the troopers cleared the streets. In the affray several persons were injured.

A terrible railway accident has taken place on the Philadelphia and Reading Railway. An express train, on the night of Sept. 19, dashed into two trucks of a goods train that had been overturned on to the line. The engine and five carriages were thrown down the embankment into the rocky bed of a river. Twenty-two persons are stated to have been killed, and thirty injured.

More or less serious floods have occurred in various parts of France, doing very great injury to the grape crops. At Marseilles several houses, which had been undermined, fell, and in one case two persons were drowned.

Slavin and M'Auliffe, the well-known pugilists, were arrested on Monday afternoon, and charged immediately afterwards, at Lambeth Police Court, with having agreed to commit a breach of the peace by engaging in a prize fight in the evening, at the Ormonde Club, Walworth. Gloves were to have been used, and it was stated in court, by a witness who had seen them, that they were thinner at the knuckles and smaller than ordinary gloves. Mr. F. Temple, proprietor of the club, declared that the complaint had been made out of jealousy in the West-End, an allegation which the police denied. The prisoners were bound over in the sum of £2000 each.

On Monday morning, Joseph Walker Smith, a young man living in Leeds-road, Huddersfield, died from the effects of an injury received during the progress of a football-match on Saturday. The deceased was playing with the Lockwood Club against Primrose Hill in the first round for the Holliday Charities Cup. He was running with the ball, and collided with his opponent, receiving a blow in the groin. Nothing serious was anticipated, but later Smith grew worse. Doctors were consulted, and an operation was performed on Sunday, but without avail.



"This cigar isn't as good as you usually offer a fellow."

"No? It's out of the box you gave me."

The South Cheshire coroner has received a letter from Mr. Waters, of New Orleans, to whom the man confessed to murdering a gamekeeper at Tarporley thirty years ago, for which Blagg was executed at Chester. The letter states that the man has committed to writing full details of his crime, which Mr. Waters has promised to forward to England.

The Military Manœuvres in Silesia came to an end last Saturday, when the proceedings lasted several hours. The parade of all the troops was attended by the two Emperors and the King of Saxony. The Imperial party, on leaving the field, drove to Liegnitz. The Emperor William thanked the Emperor Francis Joseph and the King of Saxony for their visit, and expressed a hope that they were convinced that the army remained efficient under his leadership. The Austrian Emperor, in reply, declared that he was proud of having an ally who commanded such troops. The parting between the Emperors was of the most affectionate character.

A new epidemic of influenza has broken out within the past week in Pesth and some of the provincial towns in Hungary. The influenza which made such havoc in Vienna last winter has again broken out there. The symptoms are the familiar ones of fever, catarrh, and gastric attacks. After three or four days the patients begin to recover, but remain very weak.

The funeral of Mr. Dion Boucicault, says Reuter's Agency, telegraphing from New York, took place last Monday, and was attended by the leading members of the theatrical and legal world and the press. The service was celebrated at the Little Church Round the Corner, the remains being interred at Woodlawn Cemetery. A special anecdotic memoir of the popular Irish dramatist, written by one who knew Dion Boucicault intimately, will appear in the *P.I.P.* next week.

THE RACING WORLD

The Third Lancashire Plate

was probably the most truly run of the series, as regards bumps, borings, and such interferences with horses' chances. Amphion, who won gallantly, was perhaps the most unlucky during the contest. He so nearly came to grief that Tom Cannon, who rode, nearly lost grasp of the reins. General Byrne's beautiful colt righted himself, however, and in the end scored an extremely popular win. No one who sees

Amphion

can help admiring him, he is so shapely, and carries himself with so distinguished an air. On Saturday he was more than ever a perfect picture of a grand, well-trained, high-mettled racer. Before the race, in the paddock and while at the post waiting for the start, his manners were perfect; and, full of life as he is, the favourite kept quiet.

General Byrne has not had half luck with the

Best Horse of His Year,

as I always believed him to be. He was not nominated for the best of the big three- or two-year-old stakes, many of which he could scarcely have lost, if he did not fail in training. He showed us most clearly that our three-year-olds of 1890 are a

Poor Lot

when he smothered—as the ring men put it—Surefoot and Sainfoin at Ascot. Memoir may be, in fact no doubt is, pounds in front of these, but she made a sorry show against the four-year-old. It is curious to recollect that, as two-year-olds, L'Abbesse de Jouarre and Amphion ran at Croydon in a little plate—not a selling plate, mind. One of the best horses for staying we ever had on the turf, a horse whose earnings at the stud came to an enormous sum, ran at Hampton in a selling plate. This was Hampton, who was bred by a farmer, and was on sale cheap before he was seen in public. Martagon came in second to Amphion at Manchester, but, according to many good judges, would not have filled that position had the Duke of Westminster's two-year-old Orion been able to find a clear run in from the distance.

Orion

is a name worth remembering for next season, as the colt is a stayer, and improving fast. He finished very strongly behind the four- and three-year olds, and is, I fancy, sure to beat Lord Rosebery's filly by Foxhall—Chopette, which was in front of him in this race. We should all of us be pleased to find Lord Rosebery owning a string of good racers again. He won a couple of little stakes last week, and has some better goods in training with old Mat Dawson at Exning. As explanation of Memoir's miserable failure we are offered the fact that she had been trained previously for the Leger, and said process must have impaired her speed. No doubt it was of advantage to Amphion to have been galloped solely with the view to Saturday's rich prize, but then we have precedent for believing that little harm need be done to horses wanted to race in each contest. So far as the Lancashire Plate's history went, before this year it was won, singularly enough, by St. Leger victors. Seabreeze took it very handsomely indeed in its first year, while in 1889 Donovan followed a Doncaster victory by putting these thousands to the credit of the Duke of Portland.

His Grace's Representatives

cut a wretched figure on the third anniversary, as St. Serf made an absolutely worse exhibition than the filly. For her a visible excuse presented itself, because she looked dry in her coat and rather listless. Still, she moved as well as ever in her fast pace, although some opposition was shown, she carried stable confidence at the finish.

I am told that the owner's money is now on Alicante

For the Cesarewitch,

and all plain sailing. There were rumours that he

Guy's Tonic. Guy's Tonic.

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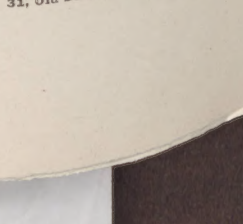

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had been forestalled, and, consequently, the mare did not run. Now all is clear, and she certainly has a very good chance indeed. Gonsalvo is firm, and he has what a lot of horses are now backed, and friends who stand on the Sellinger form are as confident as ever. Shall We Remember is fancied by the Beresford division being worked, and those who fancy Mr. Gretton's horse need have no fear that they will not be on the right thing eventually. Lord Fingall pleases the Newmarket critics exceedingly. They all are charmed with the manner in which he came to Newmarket the horse-watchers are always on his side. Papyrus has been leased by Mr. Gretton for his racing career, but remains in Lord Cremorne's stable. There is good money for Sir Frederick Johnstone, I believe that the stable commission for Mr. Gretton's horse was executed some time ago. On the other hand, I hear little to make him read like a Cesarewitch horse, and he will probably go back in the market. Tyrant is safely backed. A genuine move on her behalf would halve her present price. Tyrant is a great starter, if he keeps well. His is a big weight, but he is well built for carrying big weights. If Mr. Fobert's horse is backed in earnest, we may see him run three. It is said that Alfred Day has a little to stay this long course. Fallow Chat, the Manchester form, has no show. But Mr. Vyner's two great winners frequently are out of form when they are not fit, just by the time they appear to be so, and keeping their hands in for business. Royal Hampton, I have inspired declare—will be the best of Mr. Gretton's horse. I hardly expect their best to be good enough to win the Cesarewitch this time. Just now the Cambridgeshire is best left alone. A few handicaps are fairly well befriended, but several others hang fire, and orders may be altered at short notice.

In consequence of the feeling shown at Doncaster Lord Penrhyn, that jockey asked Lord Penrhyn to ride Osborne at Newmarket

On Noble Chieftain.

The defendant in the Penrhyn libel suit has served the Jockey Club with notice that the proposed action by Noble Chieftain's form must not precede the legal trial.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

The Australian Cricketers

have played the last match of their tour, and heartily glad they must be, I should say, that all is over. They have played thirty-eight matches, of which they have won thirteen and lost sixteen, the rest being drawn. This is not a fine record for a representative team of Australia, taking English cricketers from all parts in detail—a state of affairs which the Australian manœuvre to bring about. Everyone knows that a team always playing together has a great advantage over one got together from all parts, and this will in some measure account for the close-ness of the representative matches compared with the results of others that are placed in the "minor" division.

It would be a very consolatory thing indeed if one could believe the majority of

English Victories

over the Australians to defeats at their hands down to an all round improvement in our cricket. Certainly the standard of cricket is not one bit lower than at any period in the history of that game has, for the matter of that the Australians, all round, were not, on many occasions on which they really got their form, found were those on which the ground favoured their two crack bowlers, Turner and Ferris. On a fast wicket their batting they decidedly were not. The most consistent batsman was

Dr. J. E. Barrett,

who is far from being a taking style with the bat. Anything more opposed to the slashing style which the Australian crowds fail to appreciate. Of course, cannot be imagined, and it is the steady, unexciting method with which the game has, for a long time been regarded in Australia is due to Dr. Barrett and others hit up their hundreds in the slow manner and out of the ground, while the crowds were large; but now they are very much quite lattorly a revival has set in. Let us hope it will be a lasting one.

The last match of the tour, that with a

North of England Eleven,

at Manchester, was a hopeless draw, the early drawing necessary in September precluding the possibility of completing four good innings; and the match, with one of 234. Dr. Barrett was not out, when time was called, having made his "century" in the first innings, and scored 70 for once out. J. J. Lyons also showed up in his true colours, making 56 in the second innings.

The Batting Averages.

Although Murdoch did not come up to expectations, people remembering his brilliant form on previous occasions, still he just heads the batting with 23·55. His innings of 158 made against Surrey is the second highest of the tour; Lyons's being 186, by Trott, made against Cambridge University. Past and Present, in August. Trott and Turner were also the only two batsmen who made over one hundred in an innings; Barrett made a hundred at all. Lyons once scored 97 and 96 once, while Barrett scored 97 once and 96 once, and Turner comes very close to Murdoch with an average of 22·29, each having played in 64 innings.

Murdoch, Barrett, Trott, and Lyons

are the four who scored over 1000 runs during the season, Trott and Lyons each playing in 65 innings, Murdoch in 64, and Barrett in 63.

Bowling,

Turner and Ferris each bowled over

Sixteen Hundred Overs,

more than four times more than any other bowler. Ferris's occasional phenomenal success of 8 for 7 helps the average with 12·67 runs per wicket, Turner's average being 13·20. Very curiously, Ferris took

215 Wickets.

Charlton comes third, with an average of 19·04, and there is a strong feeling in England that he is good enough to have been tried oftener.

Within a fortnight all the team, excepting Murdoch, Barrett (who remains to study), and Jones, will have sailed. There is some talk of

Another Visit in 1892.

If it is made, I hope it will be more representative, for the sake of the game in Australia. Its interest is not forwarded by an unsuccessful visit to England; and a visit is unsuccessful which results in a majority of defeats over victories.

SANDOW AND GOLIATH: THE MODERN HERCULES AND MAGOG.
From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, 106, Regent-street, W.

Sandow and Goliath

are photographed on this page, apropos of their appearance at the Royal Music Hall, in Holborn, on Monday evening last, in a remarkable new herculean performance. This popular place of amusement is prospering under the active direction of Captain Tyler, a suave and courteous manager, whose black hat is as shiny as Mr. Edward Swanborough's at the Pavilion. The Royal has had no better show than the athletic exhibition given by Sandow, the modern Hercules, in company with his big companion. Goliath stands only 6 ft. 2½ in. high, but weighs 27 stone, and has a chest measurement of 65 in. His head is 33 in. in circumference. He was discovered by Sandow in a stone quarry at Aix-la-Chapelle lifting huge blocks into a truck. The extraordinary performances of Sandow and Goliath on Monday night were preceded by an amusing incident. There was the usual invitation to the public to go on the stage to try the weights. This was acceded to by, among others, a sturdy half-caste, something of Sandow's muscular build—no other than Cyclops, a pupil of Samson, it soon appeared, intent upon avenging the downfall of his former chief. Captain Tyler protested that no challenge was intended, but that an examination of the weights was all that he had solicited; but the audience would insist upon Cyclops being given a chance, and the latter waved Tyler off with an air of chilling dignity. But Cyclops, after three ineffectual attempts, failed to lift the heavy weight, which Sandow had manipulated with perfect ease. Sandow's best achievement was bearing Goliath, arm high, around the stage—a truly marvellous performance. Altogether, the exhibition impressed me as being unusually fair of its class, and it is safe to predict a considerable run for it. I hope "Thespis" will not mind my saying that Miss Kate Chard sang in admirable style "The song that reached my heart."

The high wind of Saturday last was not much appreciated at athletic meetings, but the

North Road Cycling Club

people found it much to their liking in the first half of their 100-miles road race. For the first forty-five miles the wind was with the riders, and, though they had to face it for five miles after that, the speed attained was so great that the fifty-miles road record of 2h. 38 min. 3 sec. was beaten by no fewer than seven competitors. Had the course continued with the wind for another five miles, the path record of 2h. 29 min. 55 1-5 sec. would also have gone by the board. The race was

Won by E. Dangerfield,

who last month won the Bath Road Club 100-miles race, his time being 6h. 10 min. 47 sec. The winner rode a pneumatic-tyred safety. The first ordinary bicycle rider in was R. J. Ilsley, his position being fifth, and his time 7 h. 26 min. 30 sec. Bidlake came sixth, on a tricycle, in 7h. 35 min. 27 sec. The wind, when against the riders, of course affected the high bicycles and tricycles vastly more than the safeties.

South London Harriers.

There was another very large crowd last Saturday at the Oval to witness the South London Harriers' athletic meeting. There is always good sport at this gathering, and on this occasion something extra was promised in the appearance of the amateur hundred yards champion of America, C. H. Sherrill. He is credited with some excellent performances in America, but was out of all form on the present occasion. He ran in the open scratch hundred yards, and was fourth in his heat, beaten by E. K. House, B. C. Green, and S. R. Huson. The final heat resulted in a surprise, W. Seward, of the Ranelagh Harriers, winning by a foot from House, J. F. Veneer third, the thickness of his jersey or so behind the second man.

Another interesting scratch race was the three quarters of a mile, and in this the result was also not in accordance with anticipations, Swait beating T. White by a yard and a half. Swait was perhaps suited by the moderate pace set in the first portion of the race.

The Lyonsdown (Barnet)

meeting was revived, after a lapse of twelve years, and met with moderate success. By far the most noticeable event of the meeting was the performance in the mile race of one of the competitors, who, when winning easily, deliberately fell back in favour of a club mate. As the matter will probably be discussed before the Amateur Athletic Association, I need say no more about it here.

Among numerous athletic meetings, not the least enjoyable was that held at the South London Harriers' ground at Balham of

The Illustrated London News

printers. Mr. John Latey jun. shared with Mr. E. S. Jarvis the post of judge, while Mrs. Latey kindly consented to present the prizes to the winners. Mr. H. D. Gillings, the indefatigable hon. secretary of the club, organised this pleasant gathering admirably; enlivening it by the engagement of the excellent band of the Fower Hamlets Volunteer Engineers, which played with such spirit that a waltz might well have been indulged in on the smooth lawn. The champion of the club, a remarkably neat and fleet young runner, H. Grover, would indubitably have carried off the Challenge Cup presented by Messrs. Ingram, had he not had to give so great a start to the winner, Walter. Grover's pretty style was also much admired in the 220-yards handicap, which he won. Pond's victory in the mile handicap was likewise applauded.

Swimming.

The 100-Yards Amateur Swimming Championship was won at Bootle Baths, on Saturday, by the half-mile and five-hundred-yards champion, W. Evans, beating last year's winner, and record holder, C. Lenton, by a few inches. Time, 1 min. 8⅘ sec.

At the same time the

Plunging Championship

was won by the holder, G. A. Blake, with 69¾ ft. This was Blake's third consecutive victory, so he retains the cup for good. BANSHEE.

A FLOURISHING TRADE.

"How is your son getting along?"
"Flourishing."
"What's his business?"
"He's a trumpeter."

The Royal Military Exhibition. — Grand sports and competitions for volunteers will be held at the Royal Military Exhibition on Saturday, Oct. 4. Programmes and prize lists can be had by sending stamp to the Volunteer Sports Secretary, Royal Military Exhibition, Chelsea, S.W. The firework nights at the Military Exhibition continue to be deservedly popular, and the evening concerts in the tastefully illuminated grounds have been highly appreciated during the recent warm evenings.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—ILLD. GUIDE (229 pages, 3d.), "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London.—HY. MYERS. Estab. 1866.—[ADVT.]

"Great Scott! old fellow, what's the matter?"
"Been riding a safety bicycle."

INCIDENTS

OF A

TRUE TALE

OF THE

SEA.

An only son rescued and restored to the arms of his widowed mother.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

A late United States Consul at one of the English ports relates the following:—

"On my last voyage from England, on one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few days out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches, and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and great pain. He was well dressed and of exceedingly handsome countenance; but his limbs were emaciated and his face sallow, which bore traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail looking out on the foaming track which the steamer was making. 'Excuse me, my young friend,' I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, 'you appear to be hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage, but if you require any assistance I shall be glad to help you.' 'You are very kind,' he replied, in a weak voice, 'but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my state-room up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea-breeze.' 'You have been a great sufferer, no doubt,' I said, 'and I judge that you have been afflicted with rheumatism, whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America?' 'You are right,' he answered; 'I have been its victim for two years, and, after failing to find relief from medical skill, have lately tried the springs of Carlsbad and Vichy: but they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to die, I suppose. I shall be content if life is spared me to reach my mother's presence. She is a widow, and I am her only child.' There was a pathos in this speech which affected me profoundly, and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silently beside him, watching the snowy wake of the ship. While thus standing, my thoughts reverted to a child—a ten-year old boy—of a neighbour of mine, residing near my Consulate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and I remembered the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured himself of a very severe attack of the gout in Liverpool just before his last voyage by the use of the remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a dozen bottles of the Oil in his locker. On my expressing my delightful surprise, he informed me that every liner which sailed from Liverpool always carried a sufficient supply of St. Jacobs Oil to last the voyage. No officer of a ship would be without it, and every sailor swore by the saintly fluid. He readily parted with a bottle on my representation, and, hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After giving his limbs a thorough good rubbing with the Oil, I covered him up snugly in bed, and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his state-room, and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him, and inquired how he felt. 'Like a new man,' he answered with a grateful smile. 'I feel no pain, and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty—a thing I have not been able to do before for more than a year. I think I'll get up.' 'No, don't get up to-night,' I said, 'but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be much better able to go above.' I then applied the Oil, again rubbing his knees, ankles, and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning, when I went up on deck, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, *and without his crutches.* I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of our voyage—some four days—obtaining another supply of the Oil from our good steward. I applied it every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp spring breezes. On landing at New York he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting for his home that evening. With a grateful smile he welcomed me, and, pointing to a box carefully done up in thick brown paper, he said: 'That is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Hudnut, the chemist across the way; and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her in health. If you should ever visit our home in Chicago—and I hope you will—I will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enshrined in a silver-and-gold casket, which we shall keep as an ornament as well as a memento of our meeting on the Cunard steamer.' We parted, after an hour's pleasant chat, with mutual goodwill and esteem, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health, and containing many graceful expressions of his affectionate regards."

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, OF 45, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, have filled a long-felt want by publishing, in a neat and convenient form, a sixty-four page book, entitled "Do You Know How to Cook Fish?" to which most housewives can answer "No"; that is, strictly speaking. But this little book, post free for 3d., is filled with new receipts, gathered in and around a little fishing village in America, where the people have a national reputation for cooking and serving fish in a manner *par excellence*. Every family should send 3d. for this excellent book.—[ADVT.]

DEERSTALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS: THE DUKE OF FIFE'S SHORT CUT HOME.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

"Ravenswood" at the Lyceum.

MR. HENRY IRVING, pale and haggard from the deep thought and intellectual overwork inevitable in the artistic production of "Ravenswood" on so magnificent a scale, may well have felt a look of triumph on Saturday night last, when he received him that his latest Lyceum enterprise the enthusiastic applause of a thronged audience must be deserved success. Incalculable to outsiders as the managerial labour, the infinite pains in a variety of departments, dramatic, histrionic, and scenic requisite to achieve such a brilliant piece of stage victories as should be placed to

the credit of Mr. Irving. Proportionate to this long and arduous toil on the part of England's foremost actor-manager will be the public reward bestowed in the gratifying form of crowded houses for months to come.

The Lyceum representation of Sir Walter Scott's weirdly romantic novel of "The Bride of Lammermoor" is a beautiful work of art. Fortunate, indeed, is Mr. Herman Merivale to have secured, in the first place, so princely a manager as Mr. Irving to mount in so superb a style his blank-verse epitome of Scott's immortal story; and equally lucky is the dramatist to have had the two chief characters played so admirably, and with such emotional power, as they are by Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Irving. Remembering the fervour of the late M. Fechter's love-making, when that accomplished and graceful actor brought out "The Master of Ravenswood" on the same stage, I yet venture to hold that the love-scene between Edgar of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton by the Mermaiden's Well has not been excelled for charm in our time. It was winsome, natural, and full of warm human feeling, most delicately and tenderly expressed—the manly eagerness of the black-haired Edgar being well mated by the sweet girlish naïveté, grace, and candour of fair-haired Lucy as they pledge their troth, heedless of the legend of the well, in this poetical fashion:—

EDGAR: Sweetheart, so!
One glimpse of joy in such an hour as this
May make amends for all.
LUCY: A life shall do it.
EDGAR: May God send it so!
And whatsoever hap between us two,
Plight me your faith as I will pledge you mine
In good old Scottish manner. See this ring:
It was my mother's, love! Wear you this half,
As I will wear the other.
LUCY: At my heart.
EDGAR: And so be all ill-omen exorcised.
LUCY: Dream of dreams! Be it my task to cure you!

The ringing warning of the grim witch, Ailsie Gourlay, soon comes to foretell to them the sad end of their loves:—

When the last Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride
To woo a dead maiden to be his bride,
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's Flow,
And his name shall be lost for evermoe.

"Ravenswood" is remarkably picturesque from first to last. Prefaced by a melodious overture especially composed for the occasion by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie (who furnishes, indeed, the whole of the incidental music), this grand play opens with one of those fine sets Mr. Hawes Craven knows so well how to paint—the Chapel Bounds, where the funeral of Edgar Ravenswood's father is forcibly interrupted by order of Sir William Ashton, and where the chief mourner, a noble figure, resents the rude interference, and draws his sword against the intruders, but is hindered from fleshing it by the sudden interposition of the fair maid he is destined to love. Similarly fine in their way are Mr. J. Harker's imposing interior of the Library at Ravenswood and Mr. Hawes Craven's realisation of the Wolf's Crag, where Lucy Ashton's charms so win Edgar from his brooding and moroseness that he is led to woo and win her in the extremely beautiful woodland dell beside the Mermaiden's Well—a masterpiece of the histrionic art, as well as one of Mr. Hawes Craven's chefs-d'œuvre. This love-scene, as I have already said, is one of the most bewitching ever witnessed on the stage. Swiftly do we come to the intensely dramatic and tragic last act, in which Edgar, footsore and weary from his hasty journey back from France to test the fidelity of his betrothed, staggers into the sumptuous chamber at Ravenswood—to find, to his dismay, that the distracted Lucy, misled by false reports of his engagement to a foreign lady, has just signed a marriage contract which binds her to another suitor, Hayston of Bucklaw. Edgar sorrowfully tells the misled Lucy that he has been true to his vow through thick and thin, and that she has been maliciously deceived. In real life it would obviously only have been necessary for Lucy thereupon to have torn up the contract to have made all end happily for herself and her true love. But the romance-writer and the dramatist ordain it differently. While poor Lucy dies of a broken heart, Edgar fights a duel with the truculent Bucklaw, and slays him, and then makes good the witch's warning by riding out to sea and finding a grave in a quicksand, which affords Mr. Craven an opportunity to delight the town with a most poetical and fascinating tableau of the Kelpie's Flow, a radiant picture full of bright suggestiveness, a scene which evoked much applause.

Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry have never acted better. Their Edgar of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton will long be remembered among their most powerful and graceful assumptions. Next them in histrionic power deserved to rank Miss Marriott, whose laudably clear elocution gave notable distinction to the warning speeches of Ailsie Gourlay; and Mr. Mackintosh, whose Caleb Balderstone, a strongly individualised bit of acting, was of great value to the generally sombre piece. With accustomed dash did Mr. William Terriss go through the disagreeable part of Hayston of Bucklaw; and with habitual manliness did Mr. Macklin comport himself as the Marquis of Athole; while Mr. Gordon Craig (Ellen Terry's handsome son) was gaily buoyant as Lucy's brother Henry; and Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. H. Howe, Miss Le Thière, and Mrs. Pauncefort lent distinction to the parts of Sir William Ashton, Bide-the-Bent, Lady Ashton, and Annie Winnie. That the historic costumes should be absolutely correct Mr. Irving insured by engaging Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., and Mrs. Comyns Carr to provide the drawings.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the unseemly wrangles stallites have lately indulged in at the playhouses—the latest episode of this kind occurring between Mr. Joseph Hatton and Mr. Brett on the first night of "Ravenswood," and at a most critical period of the play—will be discontinued. The Pelican and Ormonde Clubs are open to pugilistically inclined theatre-goers.

For want of room, notices of "The Black Rover" at the Globe and the "Struggle of Life" at the Avenue must be postponed till next week.

Mr. George Edwardes, Mr. G. R. Sims, Mr. H. Pettitt, and all concerned are to be congratulated upon the successful production at Liverpool of the coming Gaiety novelty, "Carmen up to Data."

Perusal of "A Man's Love"—a singularly simple yet powerful domestic drama in three acts, neatly adapted from the Dutch of Jan C. de Vos by MM. J. T. Grein and C. W. Jarvis—justifies the warm commendation of this four-part piece to any Manager needing a strong and paying piece of this kind.

Signor Lago's Opera Season.

A six-weeks autumn season of Royal Italian Opera, commencing on Saturday, Oct. 18, will be given at Covent-Garden, under the direction of Signor Lago, who won golden opinions by the admirable manner in which he conducted the Royal Italian Opera seasons of 1886 and 1887 at the same house. Among the eminent artists, new to England, whom Signor Lago has secured will be found Mdlle. Emma Stromfeld, prima donna, from the Royal Theatre, Madrid; and Mdlles. Giulia and Sofia Ravogli, who have lately created a furore in the principal opera-houses throughout Italy; Signor Giannini, who was retained to create the title-rôle in Verdi's "Otello" on its production in London; and Signor Zoane, who has succeeded to the position left vacant by Signor Gayarré, at Madrid. The renowned basso Signor Meroles, who has just arrived from Buenos Ayres, is also engaged. Old favourites will be heard, in the persons of Signor Galassi and Signor Padilla; and M. Maurel will renew his connection with the London public. With the view of encouraging competent English artists to devote their talents to the Italian lyric stage, Signor Lago has engaged Madame Fanny Moody, the popular soprano; Miss Grace Damian, a contralto, who has done excellent work at the principal musical festivals; and Mr. Charles Manners, the well-known bass. Negotiations are pending with Madame Albani, Miss Macintyre, and others of the highest eminence. The chorus and orchestra will be fully up to the high standard of excellence associated with the Royal Italian Opera, and the conductors will be Signor Bevignani and Signor Arditi. The répertoire will be chosen from the following operas: "Aida," "Les Huguenots," "La Gioconda," "Lohengrin," "Mefistofele," "La Stella del Nord," "Faust," "Rigoletto," "Roberto il Diavolo," "La Favorita," "Masaniello," and "Il Trovatore." Signor Lago, being unable to produce any novelty during so short a season, proposes the revival of "Tannhauser," with a powerful cast, "Il Matrimonio Segreto," and Gluck's "Orfeo," with new scenery, and all the ballets and other effects, as given in the principal towns of Italy, during the engagement of the Sisters Ravogli. An experienced and obliging acting manager has been engaged in Mr. Joseph D. McLaren. The operas will commence at eight o'clock, and terminate about quarter past eleven, thus enabling visitors from the suburbs to witness the entire performance. Notwithstanding the enormous expense attendant on so great a venture, the prices will be comparatively cheap, I am glad to hear. The subscription is progressing so well that Signor Lago may rely on receiving the liberal support which he so richly deserves. THESPIS.

I should think a great many of us have been very much interested in reading about the visit of

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania

to Wales. This beautiful Queen (whose literary name is Carmen Sylva, and whose portrait is reproduced, by permission, from the *Lady's Pictorial*) seems to be one of the most amiable and womanly of women, and clever above the average. She has won all hearts in North Wales by the sweetness and grace of her bearing, and I am glad to hear that now she has returned from Ireland she is going to visit our own Queen in her Highland home. Queen Elizabeth is

Very Fond of Children.

She lost her own only child, a little girl four years old, a long time ago, and never really got over the sorrow caused by her death. There was a pretty anecdote told of her in one of the papers the other day. Of course, when she went out sight-seeing in Wales, as she did constantly, there were always great crowds gathered to look at her. I think myself it is a great mistake, and very bad taste too, for people to stare at Royalties the way they do; but they will do it, so, I suppose, there is no help for it. One day lately, when Queen Elizabeth was out driving, she heard a poor little frightened child crying: it was jammed in among the crowd, and had lost its mother. The Queen immediately stopped the carriage, got out, took up the little one in her arms, kissed and comforted it, and presently handed it over to its mother, who was searching for it in another direction. Her Majesty has been so very sweet and kind, too, to

Miss Emily Faithful,

a woman who has done more for the cause of women, and to promote their real interests, than any other I could name. Miss Faithful has been staying at the Marine Hotel, Llandudno, where the Queen of Roumania has also been lodged; and, hearing who was her neighbour, her Majesty sent for Miss Faithful, as she was most anxious for the pleasure of making her acquaintance. For some years past, I am sorry to say, Miss Faithful has been a terrible sufferer from asthma; and, strange to say, she is always better in Manchester, where the atmosphere is anything but clear, than she is in the bright pure air of the seaside. She was suffering from a severe attack of her painful malady when she received the message from the Queen, and by the time she reached the Royal presence she was perfectly breathless. With great tact and kindness the Queen placed her visitor in an easy-chair, and said, "Now let me do all the talking till you recover your breath; then I want to hear all that has been done in England to advance the interests of women, since I was here last." And from no one could her Majesty receive more trustworthy information than from Miss Faithful. She is one of the few reformers among us with

CARMEN SYLVA, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.
From a Photograph lent by "The Lady's Pictorial."

MUSIC IN THE HOUSE
MAKES CHEERFUL
HAPPY HOMES.
The most Popular Musical Instrument of the Day is
A MELODEON.
The long evenings will pass much more pleasantly with a mixture of music and song. CAMPBELL'S world-famed MELODEONS, having Organ and Celestial tones, Patent Visible Double Valves, and the charming Bell accompaniments, are specially adapted for home music, reeds, Songs, Secular Songs, and Dance Music being rendered with equal effect. ANYONE CAN PLAY UPON THEM.
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THE "GEM" MELODEON
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is Selling in Thousands.
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No Home should be Without One.
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BROAD REED MELODEONS.
Have the Largest Sale of any Musical Instrument in the World.
GRAND NEW MODEL
FOR SEASON 1890.
"EVERY READER OF THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER SHOULD HAVE ONE.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND MELODEONS HAVE BEEN SOLD.
British Patent, 4492. German Patent, 24,110.
CUT OUT THIS.
P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "GEM" MELODEON.
6s. 6d.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 6s. 6d. Worth Double.
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P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "MINIATURE" MELODEON.
10s.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, and the charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 10s. Worth Double.
CUT OUT THIS.
P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "FAVOURITE" MELODEON.
16s. 6d.
"By her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent, Organ Patent Visible Double Valves, two Stops, Organ and Celestial Tone, and charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 16s. 6d. Worth Double.
CUT OUT THIS.
NO DECEPTION HERE.
The Editor of the London *Weekly Times* says—
"THE MELODEON.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power and sweetness the Melodeon. In external appearance it is a work of art, and in mechanism—for simplicity of handling and for purity and variety of music—there is no instrument with which it can be compared. 100,000 TESTIMONIALS. 100,000.
Important Testimonial from Professor Brown, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, and Melodeon Player of Wales: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the only instruments that have ever come under my touch, and only require a trial to advertise themselves. In ease of touch, and market. Beware of worthless imitations. Melodeons in the
"275, Rotherhithe New-road, London, 1890.
"Dear Sirs,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of the 'Gem' Melodeon at 6s. 6d., with which instrument I am highly pleased; indeed, I can assure you an instrument of late a splendid tone cannot be had in London under £5 5s. 0d. will have pleasure in recommending the 'Gem' to my friends.—I remain, yours truly, ALFRED SIERRE.
"1, St. Brelade's, High Park, Ryde, I. of W., 1890.
"Sirs,—Having this day received the 'Favourite' Melodeon I ordered from you, I must say I am delighted with it, as it is the sweetest tone I have ever played upon, and shall recommend it to all my friends.—I remain, Sirs, yours truly, C. E. MUST.
"1, Jubilee-terrace, Lansdown-road, Forest-gate, London, 1890.
"Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of your beautiful 'Favourite' Melodeon, price 16s. 6d. I am very much pleased with its splendid tone, and beautiful for gospel open-air meetings. Yours truly, E. BRADFORD.
"For the Upton Park Christian Band."
"44, Railway-street, Sunderland, 1890.
"Gentlemen,—I beg to inform you that I have received the 'Favourite' Melodeon safe and sound by this morning's post, and must say that I am highly pleased with it, and am a marvel of beauty and finish, and I can with confidence recommend it to any of my friends. Thanking you for your prompt attention, I remain, yours respectfully, THOMAS LYNDSLEY.
"Messrs. Campbell and Co.
N.B.—All lovers of music should at once send for our New Illustrated Privilege Price List, Thousands of these now ready. One Hundred Tunes for one penny stamp. Lists sent out yearly. Send One Penny Stamp to
CAMPBELL & CO.,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS,
116, TRONGATE, GLASGOW
(Established Fifty Years),
Also the Largest Assortment in the Kingdom of Violins, Guitars, and Banjoes; Flutes, Clarionets, Concertinas, Accordeons, Flageolets, Cornets, and Brass Band Instruments; Drums, Flutinas, Concertinas, Musical Boxes, and all kinds of Musical Instruments. Organ-Accordeons.
PRACTICAL BRASS INSTRUMENT MAKERS AND REPAIRERS.
VIOLIN MAKERS AND REPAIRERS.

reformation by leaps and bounds. ... a thoughtless Topsy-Turvy-ist, as heard some of our

Progressive Women

... She believes in slow evolu... and her own experience ... Apropos to sensible women, ... to read the other day that our own Princess is very sensible about her boots, ... tries to squeeze her feet into coverings ... for them. I think it possible that I may ... written before in this column about

Ladies' Boots.

... the carelessness of women about their ... me very much. While some excep... foolish girls ruin their feet for life by ... them into narrow-toed and narrow-... and shoes, in which it is impossible ... to walk gracefully, others, again, wear ... hideous and ungainly articles it is pos... to conceive—and wear them, too, with very ... pretty gowns. Nothing looks worse ... rough, leather boot with a white ... I often see them together. If a ... cannot afford a smart, dressy boot or ... to wear with her white dress, she cannot ... the dress itself; for white, in London, is ... expensive garment possible. I read ... lately, that

The Princess of Wales

... very shapely foot. She always wears sixes, ... her bootmaker says she could, if she chose ... her feet and be uncomfortable, get ... into a much smaller size.

American Women,

... particular about their feet, never buy ... boots and shoes: they are always ... and, as a general rule, they do not ... a woman who measures from 5 ... in. in height need be ashamed of ... It is the size in fair proportion ... So many women, too, will persist ... their hands into gloves a size too ... What is the result? Well, unless the ... is exceptionally good, it probably bursts ... at the two button-holes next the hand ... to meet the buttons, and no amount of ... or coaxing will bring them together. ... fingers are too short, and the hand ... looks swollen and distorted appearance. ... an old and true saying that "pride feels ... from foolish women to geese is, ... I think person will perhaps say, but a ... but it has just occurred to me that

The Twenty-ninth

... is not far off, and on that day we ... to eat roast goose, I believe, whether ... or not. I think I recommended potato ... this ungainly bird before, but, unless ... of potatoes is really understood in ... you would do well—that ... sage and onions as much as I

A Stuffing

... bread. Take enough pippin, or ... of any kind, pare them, cut in ... and take out the core. It is not a bad ... to roast the apples before they are put ... It is supposed that the eating of ... Michaelmas Day has something to do

Victory of England

... Armada. We are told that ... Elizabeth was dining upon goose when ... was brought to her, but old chronicles ... that she was keeping up an old custom ... Quarter day occurs at Michaelmas, and ... used to bring a goose as a present to their ... along with their rent.

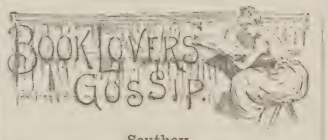
In Scotland

... Michael's Day what are called "Bannock ... are eaten after each family, with their ... if there are any, have taken a turn round ...

... matter if the custom of placing ... upon coffins along with flowers were to become a fashion now. I noticed that some were put, no doubt by loving hands, upon the

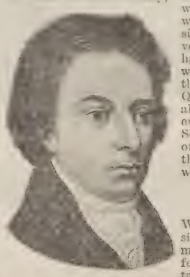
Coffin of Canon Liddon

last week at St. Paul's. It was to show that in the harvest of the year something even more precious than wheat had been gathered in. It is very interesting to know that Dr. Liddon was fond of animals, and especially fond of cats. With few exceptions, great men always love and are good to animals. MARGUERITE.



Southey.

WHEN Emerson was on one of his two famous visits to Europe, he called at Florence to see Landor. "He asked me of Southey," says Emerson; "but who's Southey?" By which Emerson desired to express the very mean opinion he had of the man who was Poet Laureate at the beginning of the Queen's reign. But, although we do not even now think of Southey as we think of Landor, as one of the greatest of writers, we no longer ask


ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"Who's Southey?"

We know him as a singularly interesting man, as one of the few men of great attainments who have been able to lead the purely literary life. Southey's poems were once widely read, and Shelley praised "Thalaba" enthusiastically. We do not read Southey's poems now, and, curiously enough, we do read his prose, which was not rated quite so highly in those earlier days. All of us have read, or should read, his

Life of Nelson,

although Mr. Clark Russell has rendered it in some degrees obsolete by a recent book; and it is the same with the "Life of Wesley," which Mr. Tyerman's has, in a sense, superseded. When one sums up Southey's work, one sees that it is by a few ballads, and by these Lives of Nelson, Wesley, and Cowper, that one remembers Southey as a literary man. But I was at Keswick the other day, where Southey had his home for many years. And, armed with Professor Dowden's beautiful little biography (Macmillan's Men of Letters Series, 1s.), I went over once again the main incidents in the poet's career. I was made to feel very keenly Southey's immense superiority *as a man* to the more famous, or, at least, more important, contemporaries whose names are continually associated with him. Yes, as a poet, Southey was the smallest of the three Lakers. As a man, he was the best. We have heard too much about Coleridge's taste for opium, about his shiftless ways, about the manner in which he left his wife and family under Southey's charge; we have heard, again, of Wordsworth's self-conceit, moroseness, petty egotism, and, although the more enthusiastic Wordsworthians delight to blink these ugly facts, and throw a halo over the poet who

"Uttered nothing base,"

there is no reason why we should be self-deceived. Southey, on the other hand, although now and again he displayed great narrow-mindedness, particularly in his treatment of Shelley—Southey was the best of fathers, the truest of friends, and Sara Coleridge, who knew him well, described him as "the kindest man she had ever met." And thus the house that I visited at Keswick, Greta Hall, which was so long associated with his life-work, has a particular interest, and so also the monument in Crosthwaite Church, and the slate tomb in the churchyard. In this connection I am tempted to conclude with Professor Dowden's description of

The Funeral.

After a short attack of fever "the end came on March 21, 1843. Never was that 'Well done,' the guerdon of the good and faithful servant, pronounced amid a deeper consent of those who attended and had ears to hear. On a dark and stormy morning Southey's body was borne to the beautiful churchyard of Crosthwaite, towards which he had long looked affectionately as his place of rest. There lay his three children and she who was the life of his life. Skiddaw gloomed solemnly overhead. A grey-haired, venerable man who had crossed the hills stood there, leaning on the arm of his son-in-law, these two, Wordsworth and Quillinan, were the only strangers present. As the words 'ashes to ashes' were uttered, a sudden gleam of sunshine touched the grave, the wind dropped, the rain was over, and the birds had begun their songs of spring. The mourners turned away, thinking of a good man's life and death with peace—

And calm of mind, all passions spent."

TATLER.

A French Race.

I HAD not meant to write anything more about France, but a description of a French race which has been sent to me is really too good to be kept.

"The French may beat us on the making of roads, and other little details of that kind, but when it comes to racing—— Well! I saw a cycle race in a French town the other day—the first I have seen in France—and I could only wonder what a Paddington or an Oval crowd would have thought of it. It was great fun, if not very good sport. In the first place, imagine one of the streets of a town turned, for the time being, into a race-track. It was a wide boulevard, it is true, and the surface excellent, as is the average French road. The course was necessarily straight, but at each end a barrel, with a flag stuck in the top, was placed in the middle, and around this the rider had to go, turning the width of an ordinary road. At the end, where the judge's stand was erected, there was quite a down-grade, so that the competitors, as they came back, if they had got any speed up at all, coasted!

"The costumes of the riders upon their arrival were delicious. One man, about the size and weight of Mr. Nairn, I should say, wore a tight frogged military blue jacket and a brown jockey cap of exaggerated size. Another scorched up in a long grey duster, a third looked like an ancient Roman with his macintosh worn toga-like, his semi-bare legs showing beneath it. There was a young lady, too, in the party, in a costume which would be the despair of Violet Lorne. Many a back copy of *Bicycling News* or the *C. T. C. Gazette* might have been studied by her to advantage.

"All morning the walls of the town had been well papered with posters, giving orders that no carts or carriages should be allowed upon the boulevard after half past one, the hour at which the races were to begin. But just as the men appeared in their racing jerseys, down came a cart filled with greens, the peasant driving it as calm and placid as you please. The crowd wandered up and down the track, no one paying the least attention to the rope stretched along on either side to keep them back, while the gendarmes walked about smoking cigarettes. Up and down cyclists finally rode to make a passage for themselves, and at last the first race began.

"The competitors rode up to the scratch as horses would be ridden up in a race, and started off as they crossed the line, making a sort of flying start. The straightness of this line, which was made by a man with some whitewash before each race, would have pleased Mr Hillier: so too would the way in which the barrel at the end of the course was moved up and down even while the men were racing, so too would the manner in which the crowd after each lap rushed after the riders, as the people do at the end of the ten miles at the Surrey meeting. The crowd here, however, was composed of men, women, children, and dogs, and it was no wonder that one of the riders was thrown and badly hurt. Indeed, there was no doing anything with the lookers-on: they fell in every time, and would hardly leave space in the centre for one machine to pass, even though the volunteer patrol of cyclists kept riding up and down, and though the gendarmes at last roused themselves up sufficiently to swear at stray men and women, and call them 'species of animals, name of God!'—which oath in French is very mild and harmless. And the dogs! They were always on the track, being pursued by a man with a whip amid the cheers of all the bystanders.

"As for the races themselves, they were of small account, and no times made worth recording in an England which has just witnessed such a summer's breaking of records, and is still talking of the wonderful performances of Mecredy, Osmond, and Holbein. Safety and tricycle races were run, an ordinary was announced, and several ordinaries were on hand, but, probably owing to the impossibility of managing the crowd, it did not come off. Under the circumstances, no Englishman would have consented to ride on any kind or make of a machine.

"The judge also acted as clerk of the course, bellringer, and lap-taker. But he was assisted in these duties by several members of his family, including two or three females, and all the other people who could climb on to his stand. The dressing-room was delightfully primitive. The men just pulled off their coats, dusters, or macintoshes, or whatever covered their jerseys, and handed them, with their towels, to friends among the bystanders.

"As to the machines, they were racing cycles with brakes. There was one safety with the pneumatic tyre, the first I have seen in France, and it is needless to say that it came in first in the one race in which it competed—first and away ahead. It was stared at with no little curiosity."

My friend who sends me this report thinks I have been so eager of late to dwell upon the many respects in which cycling is ordered better in France that it is only fair to point out one in which it has still much to learn from England.

N. C. U.

PERFECTLY SAFE.

WIFE (petulantly): "Such a lump of selfishness! The house was full of strange noises last night, and I didn't dare close my eyes once; and there you were, sleeping like a log. Burglars might have carried us both off, and you wouldn't have known it."

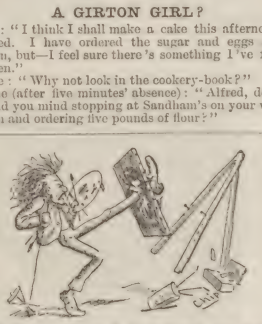
Husband (wearily): "Don't fret, dear. If they ever carry you off they 'll bring you back."

A GIRTON GIRL?

SHE: "I think I shall make a cake this afternoon, Alfred. I have ordered the sugar and eggs and citron, but—I feel sure there's something I've forgotten."

HE: "Why not look in the cookery-book?"

SHE (after five minutes' absence): "Alfred, dear, would you mind stopping at Sandham's on your way down and ordering five pounds of flour?"


PUTTING HIS WHOLE SOLE INTO HIS WORK.

BEAUTY

and health are a necessity to happiness and the lives of your children. Every woman who has her own housework to do knows that washing day is the chief cause of the careworn look, broken health, and premature old age noticeable in so many of her sex. The woman who has to bend over a steaming wash-tub full of soiled clothes, to boil all the forenoon, and rub all the afternoon, and while still suffering from the hot filthy steam run out into the cold, bare-headed and bare-armed, to hang up the clothes, not once, but week after week, is a wonder if she lives through it? many succumb, take warning.

DONT GROW OLD BEFORE YOUR TIME

The change from hot perspiring labour, and wet steaming washhouses, to the cold air outside, produces the natural result—a cold—followed quickly by pneumonia, or diptheria, or some kindred disease. Washing under the most favourable circumstances is hard enough, and requires a pure, effective, and reliable soap. These qualities abound in Sunlight Soap, with which the laundry wash is completed in half the usual time, rendering boiling unnecessary, thereby promoting health, cleanliness, comfort, and the best

ECONOMY.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

LESS LABOUR. GREATER COMFORT.

BEWARE. Do not allow other Soaps, said to be the same as the "Sunlight Soap," to be palmed off upon you. If you do, you must expect to be disappointed. See that you get what you ask for, and that the word "Sunlight" is stamped upon every tablet, and printed upon every wrapper.

A LADY'S

Way of using the "SUNLIGHT SOAP."

"Being compelled to do my own washing, and being in delicate health, it was simply 'killing me' by the old method and with ordinary laundry soap. By using the 'SUNLIGHT SOAP' in the following way I get my clothes beautifully white and clean, and without tiring myself in the least. First, then, I dip one of the garments in the tub of water, draw it out on the wash-board, and rub the soap over it lightly, being particular to soap all the soiled places. I then roll it in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled after it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. I

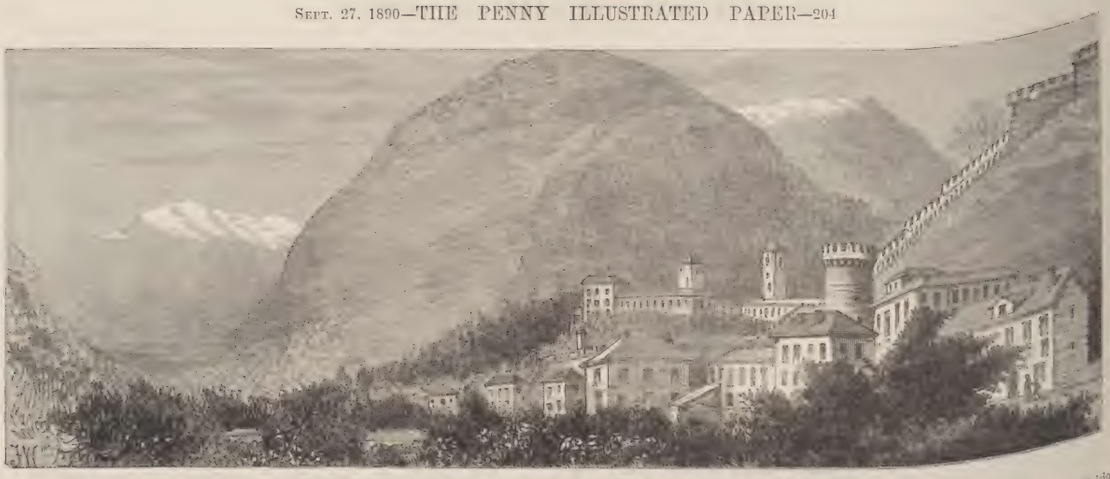
DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE

I then go away, from thirty minutes to an hour, and pay my attention to some light employment about the house, letting the 'SUNLIGHT SOAP' do its work. After soaking this way I wash them out lightly on the wash-board, and the dirt drops right out. If a streak is hard to wash, I rub some more soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes. I rinse in lukewarm water, rubbing the garment lightly over the wash-board through the rinse water to get the dirty suds out. I then blue—using very little—as this soap whitens the clothes, and hang out. Coloured goods, flannels, woollens, &c., I treat in the same way—but they need not soak so long, and I make the last rinse water a trifle soapy."

Don't rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in.

Rub lightly, and the dirt will

DROP OUT.



BELLINZONA, CAPITAL OF THE SWISS CANTON OF TICINO, SCENE OF THE LATE REVOLUTION.

REVOLUTION AT BELLINZONA, TICINO.

The Revolution,

quickly accomplished with some acts of violence and small loss of life, in the Canton of Ticino, or Tessin, on September 11, does not impair the constitutional position of that Canton as part of the Swiss Federal Republic, which consists of twenty-two Cantons—namely, Berne, Zürich, Vaud, Aargau, St. Gall, Lucerne, Ticino, Freiburg, the Grisons, the Valais, Thurgau, Basle, Neufchatel, Geneva, Solothurn, Appenzell, Glarus, Schaffhausen, Unterwalden, Schwyz, Uri, and Zug, in the order of their population, represented proportionately in the National Assembly.

Ticino,

which ranks seventh among these Cantons, has a population, mostly Italian-speaking, of 122,000, its chief towns being the capital, Bellinzona, Locarno, and Lugano, on the Italian side of the Alps. Locarno is at the head of the Lake Maggiore: Lugano is on the shore of its own lake: and Bellinzona is on the banks of the river Ticino, which flows into Lake Maggiore some ten miles below this town. It appears that

The Cantonal Government,

which has long been in the hands of the Ultramontane priestly party, and by which the administration of the finances has been ill-managed, was guilty of violating the Constitution, having refused to comply with a legal demand, made by more than the prescribed number of citizens, on Aug. 9, to elect an Assembly for the purpose of revising the Constitution of the Canton. In consequence of this, on Sept. 11 Liberals from all parts of the Canton, assembling at Bellinzona, surprised the guard of the arsenal, took possession of guns and stores, and entered the Council-house of the Government, led by an advocate named Bruni: they arrested three Councillors of State—Messrs. Crespini, Castella, and Gianella—and one,

M. Rossi, was Accidentally Shot

in a scuffle on the stairs, the others took flight. The victorious party then appointed a Provisional Government, and convened an Assembly, but next day the Federal Council of Switzerland, at Berne, having got reports of the affair, sent two battalions of Swiss troops, with a Commissioner, M. Künzli, to restore order, which was done without the slightest opposition.

In the Town of Bellinzona,

and all along the St. Gothard Railway, and everywhere in the Canton, the representatives of the Federal Government were loyally welcomed. The new Provisional Government of Ticino was set aside, or rather abdicated; and it was arranged that, on Sept. 28, the question of revising the Constitution of that Canton should be submitted to a popular vote. An enterprising firm of brothers,

Messrs. Agostino and Stefano Gatti,

to whom London is indebted for the spirited conduct of the Adelphi Theatre and that favourite Strand restaurant the Adelaide Gallery, are personally interested in the government of this Canton, and have, accordingly, hastened to Ticino to aid by their judicious counsels in the settlement of this troublous affair.

GERMAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES IN SCHLESWIG.

The Schleswig-Holstein War

of 1864, between Germany and Denmark, seems now an affair of long-past history, though many of us can well remember the feeling of interest with which we watched the brave defence of the Düppel fortifications, on the mainland shore of the strait dividing the small island of Alsen, with the town of Sonderburg, from the east coast of Schleswig to the north of the Gulf of Flensburg. The Prussian army, greatly superior in force and equipment, gained the victory after a prolonged struggle, and Schleswig, as well as Holstein, is now

Part of the Kingdom of Prussia.

The locality of the old conflict twenty-six years ago had been selected for the manœuvres of the Ninth Corps of the German Imperial Army, which took place on Monday, Sept. 8, and two following days, under command of

The Emperor William II.,

combined with the operations of a naval squadron, consisting of eight ironclad ships, a cruiser, three despatch-vessels, and three divisions of torpedo-boats. The troops were divided into two forces, commanded respectively by General Litzmann von Finckenstein and General Von Scherff: the latter represented an invading army, which was supported by a naval force in the Alsen Sound: while the former was defending Alsen and the shores of Schleswig. On the first day, the German ironclads, with two torpedo-boat divisions, under operated with the military forces which, under General Von Scherff, invaded the mainland from Sonderburg, and drove the defenders as far westward as Nübel; on Tuesday, a torpedo-boat division belonging to

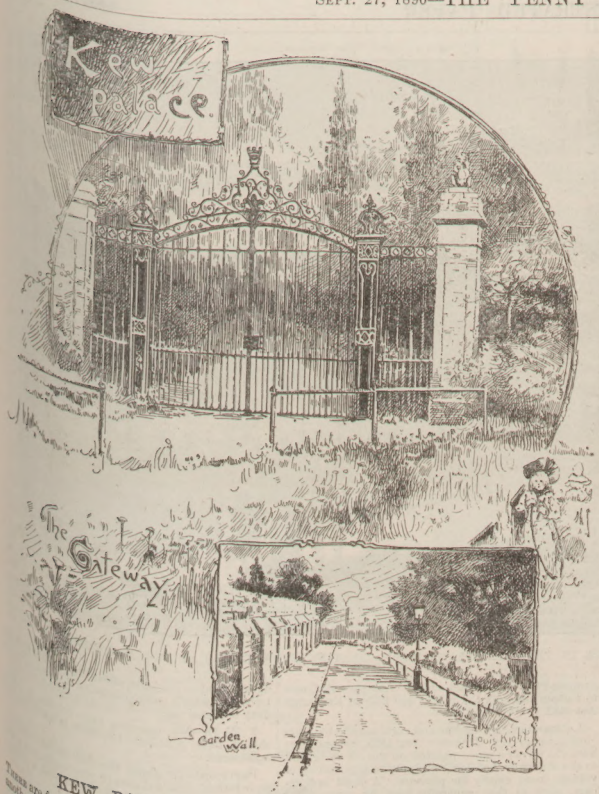
General Finck von Finckenstein's

force entered the Nübel Noor and helped to drive the tide of battle eastward again. On Wednesday, during the operations [illegible] hours of the morning, the [illegible] opportunity of rendering useful assistance to Von Scherff, and discovered, when [illegible] that his cause was already past [illegible]. The general outline of the operations [illegible] described, we need only further [illegible] one of the chief incidents was the

Recapture of the Düppel Heights,

in a night attack, by General Finck von Finckenstein, which is shown in our Illustration. It was a feat gallantly performed in spite of the electric light used by General Von Scherff to discover the approaching enemy. The Emperor and his Chief of the Staff, Count Waldersee, watched all the manœuvres with close attention.

GERMAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES BEFORE THE EMPEROR WILLIAM: NIGHT ATTACK ON THE DÜPPEL INTRENCHMENTS, WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT.



KEW PALACE.

There are few of us who have not, at one time or another,

Revelled in the Glories of Kew,

with its varied attractions. Having successfully resisted the seductive invitations of the eagle-eyed lady who in the sweetest of voices sing the praises of her tea and shrimps at ninepence per head, we fight our way through a motley crowd of strident vendors of wares, that tempt some and irritate others.

Over the bridge you go, and if the tea and shrimps, with the added charm of watercress—ninepence—do not tempt you, you enter the gardens and prepare to be edified. The average reader knows all this by oft-repeated experience. There are many, however, who, having satisfied their souls with the abundant beauty of the garden, have enjoyed the fine

Kew Palace

among the Gardens, not knowing the history of it. Their much-despised but highly instructive guide-book will tell you that the palace was built by Sir Hugh Portman during the reign of James I. Mr. Charles Dickens the younger tells us in his "Dictionary of the Thames," that "it is a plain building of red brick, and, like many other plain things and people, was high in favour with George III. and Queen Charlotte."

Queen Charlotte,

the stout consort of George III., died at this palace in 1818, and since that time it has not been occupied, save by the ancestry "Colonel," who stayed for a few minutes only.

There are buildings around the palace which are occupied, but the "oldest inhabitant," whom one meets by the waterside, assures us with a serious look that the palace proper is not occupied.

This "Oldest Inhabitant,"

by-the-bye, who savours somewhat of the long-shoreman type, who "ain't no sailor bold, and never was upon the sea," looks back through the long vista of his humdrum career, and bemoans the lost glory of Kew as a Royal parish.

He remembers Kew House, which for some time was occupied by Princes and Princesses Dowager—alas! now destroyed.

Pointing to the garden wall which faces the river he recalls the time when

The Young Prince, afterwards George IV.,

would scale it under cover of night, and, rowing across to the Eyot, or Ait, would meet at an inn that flourished there his boon companions. Here did he revel in the stolen pleasures forbidden by his strict parents, and cast off that restraint which ruled the Royal family within the palace walls

Many risks of detection did

This Royal Romeo

run in his stealthy visits to his paramour, the charming Perdita Robinson. The inn on Brentford Ait has long gone, a few bricks still mark the site, and this aged inhabitant moans as the gasworks on the opposite side belch forth their lurid flames, casting a weird shadow on what is to him a sacred spot.

The Main Gateway

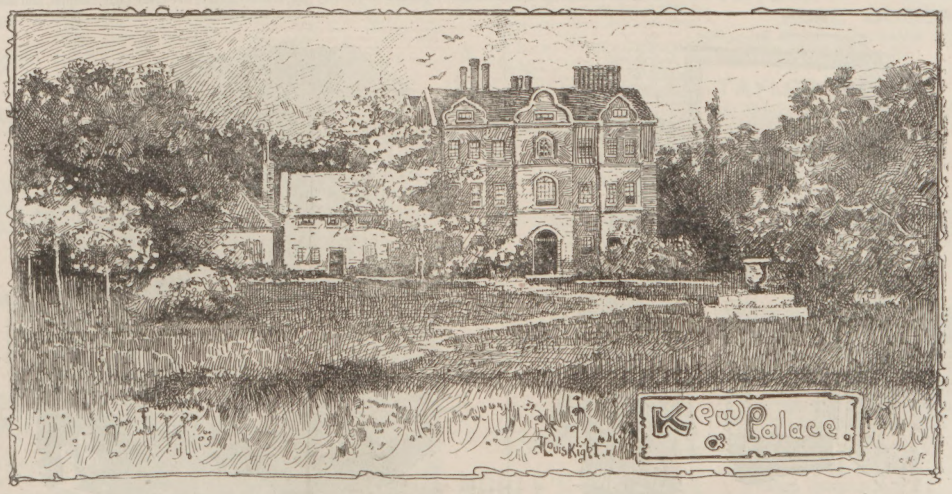
is a fine specimen of ironwork of graceful design. The pillars on either side are mounted by carved lions rampant, more than usually suggestive of an untrimmed French poodle, but this is probably due to the ravages of time on the crumpled stone.

The Sundial Lawn

leads down to the public gardens, affording a fine view of the palace, its rich long grass no longer trampled by the restricted romps of Royal Princes and Princesses.

J. LOUIS KIGHT.

THE *Medical Annual* advises Practitioners to remember that when recommending Cocoa as a food and beverage for invalids, the name CADBURY on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity.—[ADVT.]



THE WORKMEN OF THE SOUTH METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY,

one and all labouring in hearty co-operation with their Manager, are among the hardest and most active toilers in this London hive of ours. Honouring labour as we do, we can conceive no more striking example of the true pluck of the great majority of London workmen than can be witnessed in a Gas Retort House. Full of Rembrandtesque lights and shadows, rifts of fiery light through the gloom, a Retort House cannot be surpassed for picturesque effect.

We are pleased to hear that

A Mass Meeting of the Employes

of the South Metropolitan Gas Company was held in the cricket-ground of the Old Kent-road station on Saturday last, to which the chairman and directors, engineer, and the officers of the company were invited to accept an illuminated address presented by the workmen. The meeting-place was beautifully decorated with flags and banners, triumphal arches being erected in various parts of the ground.

Mr. George Livesey,

the chairman of the company, the managing directors, and the officers, were received at Bonus Bridge—so named in celebration of the celebrated bonus scheme—by the workmen's committee, where an address of welcome was read by Mr. Burrows, the chairman. It stated that it was with the greatest pleasure that the employés of the company gave them a hearty welcome, and that hundreds of others whose work prevented them from being present wished to convey their grateful appreciation of the many privileges conferred upon them by the company.

The Various Presents

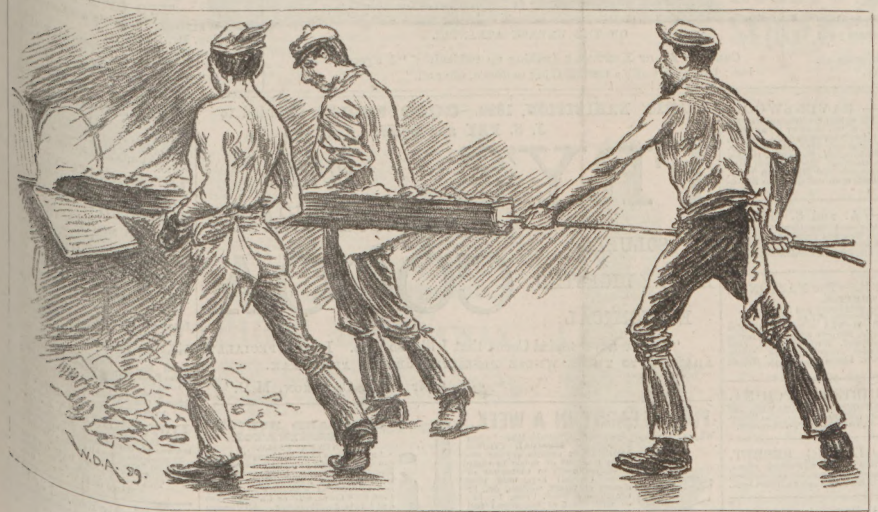
which the directors, &c., would be asked to receive were intended as a mark of goodwill and friendship between employers and employed. A procession was then formed, headed by the united bands of Old Kent-road and Rotherhithe, which proceeded to the platform on the sports ground. On arriving, the directors were presented with an illuminated address and an album for the board-room. Mr. Burrows, in making the presentation, declared that

The Profit-Sharing Scheme

was one of the grandest that had ever been promoted, and he had not the slightest doubt that it would prove successful. (Cheers.)—Mr. George Livesey was received with loud cheers, and, in rising to reply, he said it was a matter of very great satisfaction to him, as representing the board of directors, to attend there and receive the beautiful address and album. That day twelve months another meeting was held in the board-room, when some fifteen delegates from the men came to interview the directors. Their faces expressed feelings of bitterness and ill-feeling towards the board, but that had passed away, and there was kindness and goodwill existing between them.

The Object of the Directors was to make the Workmen their Friends

—(cheers)—and the gathering, like the one on July 26 last, was perfectly unique in the history of the relations between employers and employed. (Cheers.) The directors wished the men to get all the benefit they could from the scheme. It would promote thrift, which raised men in the social scale. The board had reserved a certain amount of stock, so that the workmen might invest money in the company, and obtain 5 per cent. interest on their investment like ordinary shareholders, and they had also made every possible arrangement for buying and selling of this stock.



HOW THE WORKMEN OF THE SOUTH METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY CHARGE THE RETORTS.

A FAIR, BEAUTIFUL SKIN.—SULPHOLINE SOAP gives the natural tint, and makes the skin smooth, supple, healthy, comfortable. 6d. tablets. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

TO OVERCOME WEAKNESS.—PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[ADVT.]

LEGAL COLUMN

["*Lex*" *will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of* "*The Penny Illustrated Paper.*"

Correspondents are requested to observe the rule as to furnishing their names and addresses. They are also requested (in cases in which they do not desire to have their own names published) to give some other name than "*Constant Reader,*" *for this title often has to appear more than once in the same issue. Some initials or letters could always be given.*]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOPE ON.—You can only hope to get rent from your lodgers so long as you are able to let them the house, and they are entitled to a week's notice, expiring on the day when their rent is payable before Dec. 25.

CONVEYANCE.—Certainly the solicitor who conveys the plot of land to you will have to be paid. But whether you or the person from whom you purchase will have to pay the solicitor's charges depends upon the form of your contract, and the cost of the conveyance is governed by the purchase money.

TENANT.—We do not know the terms of the notice referred to by "Tenant," but, judging from his letter, we think it is binding on both himself and landlord, and therefore "Tenant" ought to leave on the expiration of the notice, and should deliver up the key by twelve o'clock the same day.

P.P.P.—Letters of Administration can be obtained by you through a solicitor, who will also give you full information as to the other points mentioned in your letter. You can also obtain letters of Administration on personal application. In that case write the Probate Court, Somerset House, and ask what is your district.

P. L.—Such a proceeding as you suggest would be fraudulent. If your debts are under £50, we should advise you to apply to the Judge at the Local County Court for an Administration Order, which will enable you to liquidate the amount you owe by instalments.

EXPIRED LEASE.—Your question hardly comes within the province of this column, and we cannot undertake to recommend any building society to you.

LEARNER.—If A accepts a bill of exchange drawn by and payable to B four months after date, B can get the bill discounted (i.e. the amount of the bill less commission) by C before it becomes due. Should A fail to meet the bill when due, C's remedy would be against B. The person who gives a bill is supposed to pay the stamp duty. Ask your stationer to recommend you the book. See Bills of Exchange Act 1882.

J. CHAPMAN.—Waggons and carts used in business ought, under the Highway Act 1835, generally to have the owner's name painted on the off side; and so the Highway Act does not apply to gigs and other vehicles used chiefly for pleasure. A light spring-cart, such as that generally used by agricultural implement-makers to convey their families, and also agricultural implements, about the country, need not have the owner's name painted on it, provided excise duty has been paid.

F. W. D.—We fear you have no remedy. You should have provided for this in your written agreement.

PETITION.—Of course the one seventh share of your father's estate is part of your assets, and would be taken by your creditors in the event of a petition being filed.

F. N. B.—If the money paid to A has been exclusively appropriated in writing by B to the later debts, A may repudiate the old debt in law, if he thinks it honourable to take advantage of the Statute of Limitations.

LEX.

LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[ADVT.]

LOST VITALITY RESTORED.—THE MEXICAN LIFE PILLS, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box. Guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases.—HAYNES and Co., Wednesbury.—[ADVT.]

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE IN THEIR HIGHLAND HOME: PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS AT NEW MAR LODGE.

AT NEW MAR LODGE

The Duke and Duchess of Fife are thoroughly enjoying themselves. The hospitality they had the pleasure to offer to the Queen and to the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud and the Duke of Clarence was now shared by the Prince of Wales, who always relishes with characteristic zest the deerstalking his genial son-in-law is able to offer him. Plenty of good exercise in deerstalking; witness the Prince ing, on another page, of the Duke of Fife's shortest cut home.

THE OLD MAN A MATCH FOR HIM.

OLD SCADDS (wrathfully): "Why, since you've been to college you've done nothing but distinguish yourself as an all-round 'rake'!"

Young Scadds: "So did the great Alcibiades,' Old Scadds: "Yes, but Alcibiades knew Greek, and you don't!"

PREFERRED IT MOIST.

PHILANTHROPIST: "My friend, are you aware that the glass before you is filled with liquid fire?"

Intending Inebriate (cheerfully): "Yes; that's why I am not afraid of it. The great trouble with the other sort is that there's no liquid about it."

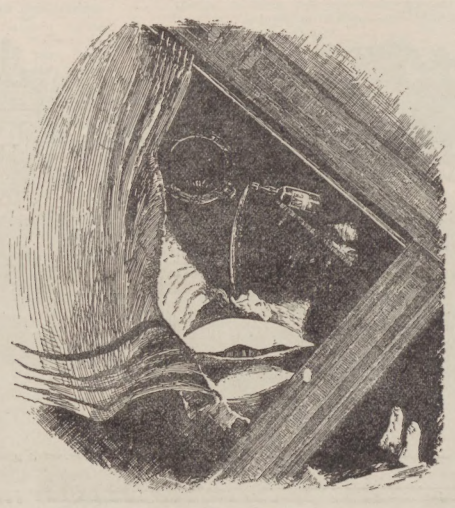
TWO OF A KIND.

MRS. WELLOFF: "That is a splendid charger you are riding, Mr. Poorbody."

Mr. Poorbody (who has spent his week's wages for an airing through the Park): "H'm—er—yes. Something like the livery-man of whom I hired him."

BRIDGET: "The new neighbours next door wants to cut their grass, and they say as would ye be so kind as to lend them your sickle."

PURITANICAL MISTRESS: "Lend my sickle to cut grass on the Sabbath! Tell them, Bridget, that we haven't any."



ON THE UNEASY ATLANTIC.

COLONEL B., OF KENTUCKY (waking up suddenly): "I s'pose all is lost; but it ain't sech a terrible thing to drown, after all."

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ADELPHI. — A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, a New and Original Drama by Geo. R. Sims and Robert Buchanan, entitled THE ENGLISH ROSE. At 7.15, THE LITTLE SENTINEL. Miss Clara Jecks, &c.

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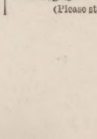

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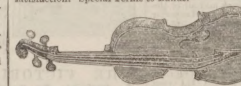

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FULL DRESS LENGTH for 10/6 CARRIAGE PAID.

WE will send a FULL DRESS LENGTH of our FAMOUS "WYLWYRWELL CLOTH," in any of the following colours, Carriage Paid to any address, for 10s. 6d.—Colours: Black, Blue, Green, Fawn, Salmon, Réséda, Tabac, Slate, Old Rose, Crushed Strawberry, Ruby, Brown, Grey, Claret, Sage, Terra Cotta, Peacock, Smoke, Crimson, Electric, Bronze, Myrtle, Drab, Olive, Grenat, Navy, Heather, and all the Newest Colours for the Present Season. These wonderful 10s. 6d. Dress Lengths have gained a world-wide reputation for magnificence, cheapness, and durability, and are imitated by many, but equalled by none. They wear for years, always keep their colour, and we guarantee that they will neither shrink nor spot with rain. They are manufactured specially for us, under our own personal supervision, and we have every confidence in recommending them to readers of this Journal as a thorough substantial, hard-wearing material. They are strongly recommended by all the leading Newspapers and Journals in every part of the British Isles.

REMARKABLE TESTIMONIAL.
From Miss F. FRANCE, Edlington House, Hainton-street, Grimsby.
"Dear Sir,—Will you kindly send, to the above address, two dress lengths of the Navy, two of the Ruby, and one Grey? I have great pleasure in recommending your 'Wylwyrwell Cloth' to my friends. I purchased some last winter, also one in the spring, and have worn them continually ever since; now they will bear comparison with my friends' comparatively New Dresses. It is utterly impossible to wear them out; I have tried both reasonable and unreasonable means to acquire the desired end, but, as you will know, I have failed. Sea water has not the least effect on them; I have tried it more than once, and am seriously wondering how long they will last. Like other of your correspondents, I must have a change of colour, and enclose P.O.O. for five dresses."
We have received Thousands of Testimonials equal to the above from all parts of the world.

GRAND PRESENTS TO ALL PURCHASERS.
TO BE
£1000 GIVEN AWAY!

We shall GIVE a Very Handsome BROCADED SILK HANDKERCHIEF with each Dress Length ordered from us during this season. These Handkerchiefs are excellent in quality and design, and may be had in white and cream. When three are ordered at the same time, we give THREE SILK HANDKERCHIEFS; and also ONE PAIR very best quality 4-button FRENCH KID GLOVES, in any size or colour.

AN INVITATION.
We invite every reader of this Journal to write for Patterns of these beautiful 10s. 6d. Cloth Dresses. We send the Patterns FREE to any address, so that ladies who write for OUR Patterns have not the trouble and expense of returning them. With each set of Patterns we send Fashionable Designs for "Wylwyrwell Cloth Dresses," specially designed for the coming season; also copies of Testimonials from many well-known ladies, and opinions of the Press. Write at once for a full set of Patterns, and all particulars, and you will be astonished when you see them.

C. LUTAS LEATHLEY & CO., CLOTH DRESS WAREHOUSE, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

A Pure, Fragrant, Antiseptic, non-gritty Tooth Powder. It whitens the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, strengthens the gums, and sweetens the breath.

Ask Anywhere for ROWLAND'S ODONTO, of 20, Hatton Garden, London.

WATCHES.—In Bankruptcy. 500 Solid SILVER WATCHES, four holes jewelled, 10s. 6d. each; superior ditto, 12s. 6d. Being genuine, any sent post-free on approval.—BENNETT, Practical Maker, Cases, Actions, Watch Tools, Materials, Mitcham, Surrey. Lists and Prices of others post free.

LEVER WATCHES—LEVER WATCHES.
WHY go to large shops and pay five guineas, when you can buy the same with a five-years warranty for Two Guineas? Sent on approval post free.—HENNETT, Practical Maker and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey.

CLOCKS—IN BANKRUPTCY—CLOCKS.
500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, variegated pillars, solid lines, going 15 days, 15s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warranty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

MUSICAL BOXES—IN BANKRUPTCY.
150 LARGE powerful-tone BOXES, playing six tunes, 20s.; usual price, £4 4s. 100 ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, £2 2s.; usual price, £6 6s. Any sent on approval. List of tunes post free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

LADIES' HAIR; WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS
POSITIVELY FORCED to grow heavily in a few weeks, WITHOUT INJURY TO THE SKIN, and NO MATTER AT WHAT AGE by using EDWARDS' INSTANTANEOUS AMERICAN HARLENE. The WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY for BALDNESS, from whatever cause, and is a producer of WHISKERS and MOUSTACHIOS it has never been equalled. As a CURER of WEAK and THIN EYELASHES, or RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR, NEVER FAILS. 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per Bottle; post, free from observation, 1s. 4d., 2s. 10d., and 6s. P.O. preferred.
T. EDWARDS, 5, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION.
Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with testimonials and directions for use), post free and free from observation to any address, on receipt of 15 stamps, by Mrs. C. James, 268, Caledonian-road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.—JAMES'S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post free, 15 stamps, to Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.—Long Flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are Quickly Produced by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE. It is most invaluable for the production of whiskers, beard, and moustaches; it causes the hair to grow on bald places and scanty partings like magic. Of all Chemists, 1s.; or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post free for 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

FREE Send a Postcard to-day for a Sample of WILLIAMSON and SONS' BROKEN-LEAF TEA at 1s. 6d. per lb., and compare it with any 2s. 6d. Tea in the World. The greatest phenomenon of the age in Tea.
Kindly mention this Paper.
WILLIAMSON and SONS,
Wholesale Tea Blenders, 139, Upper Thames-st., London, E.C.

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NOBLE'S SERGES For Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's wear, in all styles, colours, widths, and qualities, from 5½d. to 2s. 6d. the yard. Such a large collection of diverse styles in Serges cannot be obtained elsewhere.
WRITE FOR PATTERNS (naming this Paper), SENT POST FREE ON APPROVAL, and see for yourselves.
THE MARVELLOUS VARIETY AND CHEAPNESS.
200 Dress lengths Noble's Imperial Estamene Serge, pure wool, Fast Colours, endless wear, in Navy or Black, price 15s. 6d. each, carriage paid. Well worth 22s. Every purchaser is delighted.
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GIVEN AWAY with every 6d. and 1s. Bottle of CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK, the original and genuine, requiring no heating.—A Voucher entitling Purchaser to the Name in Full or Monogram Rubber Stamp, for marking linen or paper, 41 Gold and other Medals. Royal Ink Maker, Works, 75, Southgate-road, London. Your Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil Case, Name in Rubber, 7 stamps.

THE MAGIC FEMALE PILLS. BEST, SAFEST, and ONLY RELIABLE REMEDY. NEVER FAILS.
Cures Obstructions from any cause. No Pills or Powders like them. These Pills are not made from Steel, Pennyroyal, Bitter Apple, or any such useless or injurious drugs, but from drugs far more efficacious.
Post free, 1s. 3d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. a Box.
SIGNOR THOMASSO,
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DEAFNESS CURED SAFELY, RAPIDLY, and PERMANENTLY by Using "EARLENE."
Which has Restored the Hearing of Thousands. Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, Cherry Orchard, Croydon, writes: "Before I used 'EARLENE' I could not hear the trains whistle; but before finishing one bottle I could hear the birds sing in my garden."
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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA
NEEDS ONLY BOILING WATER OR MILK.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS
The "LADY" says: "Hutton' Cambric Handkerchiefs are wonderfully cheap." The "CHRISTIAN WORLD" says: "Hutton's Irish Cambric Handkerchiefs are unusually good at the price."
Children's Size . . . 1s. 9d. per doz.
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Ladies' Size, 2s. 11d. doz. | Gents' Size, 4s. 11d. doz.
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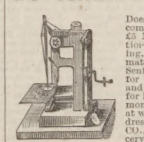
G. R. HUTTON & CO., LARNE, BELFAST.

3/6 SEWING MACHINE 3/6
(Patented No. 7309.)



Does work which will bear comparison with that of any £5 Machine. No complications; no trouble; no teaching. It works fine or coarse materials equally as well. Sent, carriage free, 4s.; two for 7s. 6d.; extra needles 6d. and 9d. per packet. Write for Press Opinions and Testimonials. Call and see them at work. Address: SEWING MACHINE CO., 10 Dept., 56 and 58, Chancery-lane, London, W.C.

FUR BOA, very dark brown, real Russian tail, 10ft. long, very full and soft, perfectly new, value 55s., sacrifice 18s. 9d.—rare chance, genuine fur.—Mrs. P. I. JAMESON, 73, Victoria-road, Kilburn, N.W.

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STOCKS and SHARES purchased and sold.
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THE PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA.
TAYLOR BROTHERS' "MARAVILLA" COCOA.
Sold in Tin-lined Packets only by all Grocers.

A SOLUBLE COCOA.
Making a delicious beverage of the consistency of Tea.
TAYLOR BROTHERS' PURE COCOA.
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TAYLOR BROTHERS,
MARAVILLA HOMŒOPATHIC ROCK, FLAKE, PEARL, and PURE COCOA MANUFACTURERS.
Brick-lane and Wentworth-street Steam Mills, Spitalfields, London.

DELIGHTED ARE THE LADIES
who use Allwood's Patent Minerva Taper-headed Double-grooved Needles. EASY to Thread and EASY to Sew with. Samples Free on receipt of Two Stamps from the SOLE MANUFACTURERS of Minerva Needles.
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BUY YOUR WATCHES AND JEWELLERY DIRECT.
Silver Watches from 12s.; Gold, 25s.; Silver Brooches, 10d.; Earrings, 8d.; Lockets, 1s. 3d.; Necklets, 3s.; Pencils, 1s.; Scarf-Pins, 6d.; Gold Dress Rings, 3s. 6d.; Lockets, 3s. 6d., Earrings, 2s. 9d. Genuine gold and silver guaranteed. Grand New Catalogue, 1200 engravings, of high-class Watches and Jewellery, POST FREE on application. See one before purchasing.
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TOOTH-ACHE CURED INSTANTLY BY BUNTER'S Prevents Decay, Saves Pain, Sleepless Nights Prevented
Neuralgic Headache and all Nerve Pains removed by BUNTER'S NERVINE. All Chemists, 1s. 1½d. NERVINE

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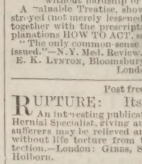
Should take TRILENE TABLETS (Reg.). The only safe cure for Stoutness. Send 2s. 6d. to TRILENE CO., 70, Finsbury Pavement, London.



TOO FAT.
Dr. GORDON'S Elegant PILLS cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. 6d. to DR. GORDON, 10, Brunswick-square, London, W.C.

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OBESITY easily, pleasantly, and certainly cured without hardship or nauseating drugs.
A valuable Treatise, showing how fat can be destroyed (not merely lessened) and the cause removed, together with the prescription, advice, and full explanations HOW TO ACT, sent FREE on application.
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RUPTURE: Its Radical Cure. An interesting publication by J. A. SHERMAN, Hernial Specialist, giving authentic information how sufferers may be relieved and restored to soundness without life torture from trusses used for its protection.—London: GIBBS, SMITH, and Co., 10, High Holborn.

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SEWING MACHINES.

ANOTHER TREMENDOUS FAILURE.
ENORMOUS SACRIFICE
LAST THOUSAND NOW SELLING.
COLLAPSE OF ONE OF THE LARGEST SEWING MACHINE COMPANIES.

Repeat Orders and Testimonials Pouring In by Every Post.

A few days ago an immense quantity of full-size Lockstitch Sewing Machines was sent by a well-known firm to the London Auction Rooms to be sold at any cost to realize money. There happened to be no one there who cared about Machines, and the entire lot was knocked down to us for a mere song, and we were able to buy for £7:0 what a few weeks before had been asked £200 for. We were utterly astounded ourselves, never expecting to get them at so low a figure, and it affords us the opportunity of selling what we have never done before and never expect to be able to do again—

A FULL-SIZE LOCKSTITCH SEWG MACHINE FOR 8s. 6d.

We know it must seem absurd to you, but it is a fact, and your friends can call here and see the Machines at work before they buy them. We have engaged an experienced machinist to thoroughly test and work every Machine before it is sent away, so we guarantee absolutely that every Machine sent off is perfect and in proper working order. Send us a stamped addressed envelope for large illustration of the Machine and specimen of the work it does, and judge for yourselves, and also see testimonials of what the few people we have already sold them to say. *Myra's Journal* says of them: "A really useful machine; works well." *Methodist Recorder* says: "An incalculable boon." *Le Moniteur de la Mode* says: "A miracle of cheapness and excellence." The *Weekly Budget* says: "Simply marvellous." Don't wait till they are all gone, and then be sorry you did not have one. Everyone knows that to buy a full-size English-made Lockstitch Sewing Machine, in perfect order, for 8s. 6d. is something to jump at at once, if it is true; and we guarantee it is true, and you can call here and see them. Send at once. Other Machine agents have been to us and begged us not to sell them so cheap, as it will ruin their trade; but we want to sell 1000 a day, if possible. Every Machine sent out packed in a strong case. Extra needles, 1s. per dozen. Oil, 6d. Full instructions with each Machine. Two for 16s. Three for 22s. 6d. This offer only remains open for twenty-eight days. Why pay a local shop £3 or £4 for a Machine no better than ours at 8s. 6d.? Please cut out and send coupon with your order.

P.I.P. COUPON.
Entitles Holder to FULL-SIZE LOCKSTITCH SEWING MACHINE for 8s. 6d., if ordered within Twenty-eight Days. Two for 16s.; Three for 22s. 6d.
(Signed) J. THEOBALD and CO.

ENORMOUS SCRAP PARCELS.

The biggest value, largest number, and best quality ever offered. The Relief Scraps in these Parcels contain six to twelve colours in each picture. No. 1 Packet contains 250 beautifully coloured Relief Scraps and Pictures of Animals, Ships, Farm-houses, Clowns, Niggers, Musicians, Portraits, Games, Royalty, Children, Birds, Flowers, Comic Scenes, &c. Gratis with every packet, a magnificent Puzzle Picture, to put together, of 222 pieces. The entire lot, carriage free, 1s. 3d.

The No. 2 Parcel contains all the above in much larger variety, making 600 Pictures altogether, and with every 2s. 6d. packet is presented, gratis, a magnificent 6d. Scrap Picture of Father Christmas, and two magnificent Pictures of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Carriage free, 2s. 6d. Purchasers of two 2s. 6d. Packets receive three 6d. Scrap Pictures, gratis.

The No. 3 Scripture Relief Scrap Parcel contains 216 pictures, illustrating scenes in the Old and New Testament. Free, 1s. 3d.

Splendid Scrap Albums, 6d., 1s. 3d., 2s., and 3s. each, free.

THE INSULTING CIGAR CASE.

You offer your friend some tempting cigars, but directly he goes to take one they fly off, and a saucy head with extended fingers jumps up in place. Post free, 1s. 2d.

THE MAGIC CIGAR CASE, where cigars entirely disappear, and case is found empty. 1s. 2d., or in real leather, 2s. 2d.

THE PUZZLE FUSEE CASE, 1s. 2d.

THE CELEBRATED BIJOU

MAGIC LANTERNS AND SLIDES.

THE SALE INCREASES EVERY YEAR. NOTHING BETTER FOR A PRESENT.

These carry the palm over all others. Each set is packed in a japanned tin travelling case. The Lanterns and all of the Slides are of superior English make. These are specially got up so as to form nice presents, and will give satisfaction everywhere.

No. 1 Set comprises japanned tin case containing a best English-made Lantern, fitted with two lenses, paraffin lamp, glass chimney, silvered reflector, 60 really Comic Figures on 12 long Slides; 3 complete Nursery Tales, each tale having 12 pictures on 4 Slides, making 36 more pictures; 2 Comic Slipping Slides, 2 Moving Lever Slides, 2 Moving Panorama Slides, 1 "Good Night" slide, 1 "Welcome," 1 Curtain, 1 Queen, 1 Man Swallowing Rats, 2 Chinese Firework Slides—making 109 pictures in all. Complete, with instructions, giving a picture on the sheet of 3 ft. diameter. Price 10s. 6d. No. 2.—Precisely similar, but having a No. 2 Lantern and No. 2 Slides, forming a larger size throughout. Gives a picture 4 ft. in diameter. Price 14s. 6d. No. 3.—Having a No. 3 Lantern and No. 3 Slides. Throughout a very excellent set, giving a 5 ft. diameter picture. Price 21s. Bottles of especially prepared Chemical Oil, giving far superior light, at 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. Larger sets up to £50. See Illustrated Catalogue.

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Complete Theatre to Fit up and Take to pieces. Strongly jointed, with large number of figures, and book of words, free 3s. 6d. Much superior and larger ditto, with lamps complete, 9s. 6d. The PANORAMAPEEP SHOW fitted with handsome front, folding side wings, lens, silvered reflectors, and six coloured scenes, 1s. 3d. Larger ditto, with twenty scenes and three lamps, 2s. 6d. THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE. Splendid Fit-up of Theatre, supports, play, and book of words complete, free, 1s. 6d. Larger size, 2s. 10d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s.

THE KENSINGTON MODEL STEAM ENGINE.

Works by steam for one hour at each operation. Strong metal boiler, brass flywheel, lubricator, brass supports, tripod stand, and furnace complete. Post free 3s. 6d. Larger and better models with powerful cylinder and safety valve, 5s. 6d., 8s. 3d., and 10s. 6d. The marvellous HORIZONTAL ENGINE, brass boiler on large stand 10 by 7 by 7, and with working circular saw included, 13s. 6d.

THE ELECTRIC FUSEE CASE.—In leather and nickel silver.

Anyone trying to open this, who is not in the secret, receives an electric shock. 1s. 6d., free.—THE MAGIC WHISTLE. Anyone not in the secret who blows it gets their faces covered with charcoal or flour, 1s. 2d. THE RAT TOBACCO POUCH. Capital fun; life-size, 1s. 6d. BLOATER, 1s. 6d. OYSTER, 1s. 6d.

VENTRILOQUISM.—All about it, and how to learn it.

By the great Professor MACCABE, 112 pages, post free, 1s. 2d. MAGIC and its mysteries—how to make conjuring tricks and how to perform them. Illustrated, 142 pages, by Professor THEOBALD, 1s. 2d. CARD TRICKS, 96 pages, explaining forty good card tricks, 9d. RIDDLES AND JOKES, 126 pages, 1s. 2d. Thought-reading explained fully, 1s. 2d. The magician's pack of CONJURING CARDS, 1s. 2d. and 2s. 8d.

THE KENSINGTON MAGIC LANTERN AND SLIDES.

A Good Handsome Lantern, with two lenses, focussing tube, lamp, reflector, stand, chimney, and twenty comic figures, free, 1s. 3d. Larger ditto, with forty figures, 2s. 6d. Better still, 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. All warranted to show well.

LITTLE LADY DOT'S DOLL'S HOUSE.—Selling in thousands.

Enormous success. See testimonials in catalogue. A jointed Doll's House, made to fit up and take to pieces, beautifully coloured interior, to represent Library, Drawing and Dressing Rooms, Fancy Bordered Carpet, Lady Dot and her Sister with Clothes to take on and off, complete, free, 1s. 3d. Much superior ditto, with Lady Dot's Brother and Mamma, Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Bathing Costumes, &c., 2s. 9d.

THE VICTORIA PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERA.—For gaslight photography.

Greatest fun out for winter evenings. Guaranteed to act. Camera, focussing tube, shutter, chemicals, and six plates, sufficient to produce six portraits. Complete, 1s. 3d. Extra plates, 6d. per Packet. Gem Camera for Daylight Photography. 3s.

KAZOO.—The Wonderful Instrument for imitating Punch and Judy, Cats' Concert, Birds, Cock Crowing, and every other Animal or Instrument played by anyone. Post free, 1s., three for 2s. 6d. Miniature Bagpipes, warranted to play, free, 1s. 2d. The new Mechanical Whistling Locomotive, 8 in. long, nickel silvered, whistles as it runs along, free, 1s. 6d. The little Dancing Devil, dances furiously, 1s. 2d.; Twin Devils, 1s. 8d.

THE KENSINGTON MODEL STEAM DANCING NIGGER.

Dances by steam for one hour at each operation. Brass dancing platform, tripod stand, strong metal boiler, lubricator, brass lever motion, and nigger complete. Carriage free 1s. 9d. Clockwork niggers, 7s. 6d. Mechanical models, of every description, from 1s. to £10.

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Boxes of larger and better Tricks, 2s. 10d., 5s. 4d., 10s. 6d., 21s., 42s.

CLOCKWORK TRAINS,

Engine, tender, and two carriages. Carriage free, 2s. Better quality, 2s. 9d., 3s. 9d., 4s. 6d. Railway with circular lines, 4s., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., or with tunnel or station, passengers, signals, brake, &c., complete, 8s. 6d., 13s. 6d., 16s., 18s., 25s., 30s., and 35s.

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WALKING STICK.

More Enormous Sacrifices.

Greatest Novelty out. The Entire Stock bought up. 12s. 6d. Sticks for 6s., post free. Read this carefully.

Each of these handsome Walking Sticks has heavy silver-plated knob top. Pressing a spring reveals in the knob a wax vesta box; another compartment will contain cigarette papers or cards. Unscrewing the knob, a tube draws up which contains a Briar Pipe, another tube reveals an imitation Meerschaum Cigar Holder and a ditto Cigarette Holder. Unscrewing the ferrule of the stick a long tube draws out, containing six different receptacles for cigars. We offer for 28 days only the lot as follows: Silver-Knob Stick, Pipe, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, and all the various ingenious compartments, complete, for 6s., post free. There are only 500, and once sold are gone for ever. Coupon must be sent with order.

P.I.P. COUPON.
Entitles Holder to 1 Patent 12s. 6d. SMOKER'S WALKING STICK for 6s., post free.
J. THEOBALD and COMPANY.

THEOBALD'S GRAND AUTUMN SALE.

Bankrupt and Clearance Parcels of various goods, which must be sold at once, regardless of price, to make room for Winter Novelties.

Each Parcel contains a Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil, Splendid Coloured Engravings of Stanley and Emin Pasha, Pocket Gold Bangles, Hand-painted Enamelled Coloured Scarf Pin, Set of Beautiful 1s. Bookiet, 12 Magnificent Coloured Engravings of Victoria Cross Gallery Pictures, published at 2s., Set of Coloured Engravings of Princess of Wales; and a Pair of Charm Ivorine Opera-Glasses.

The entire lot, carriage free, for 2s. 6d.; 2 Parcels for 4s. 6d.; 3 for 6s. No Parcels guaranteed after 14 days, so should send at once, as these are certainly far and away the greatest bargains we have ever offered.

THE ACME BAMBOO FISHING ROD.—These are made from real Bamboo, not imitation, and are very strong. Each rod has six joints, and when fitted together measures about 6ft. 6in. Will carriage free, for 1s.; 20 yards of superior line, 6d.; another measures about 6ft., and when fitted together measures about 4ft., and when fitted together measures about 4ft., and when fitted together measures about 4